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HAMBURG HAD A TASTE OF THE NEXT WAR when a phosgene tank exploded and low clouds of the deadly gas floated out across the harbor section of the city. Men and women stumbled and fell on the streets; children fainted; and out on the island of Wilhelmsburg cattle, chickens, and pigs fell dead in the fields. Leaves withered; grass turned brown. Fortunately, rain destroyed most of the gas, but eleven persons were killed, hundreds were sent to the hospitals, and thousands were temporarily driven from their homes. Cattle and chickens, children, and even the blades of grass will be treated as combatants in the next war, subject to destruction along with the fighting men. No rule of international law can teach poison gas to discriminate among its victims.

HOW SO MUCH POISON GAS came to be stored in a Hamburg factory ten years after the armistice is still a mystery. Henri Miraour, former chief of the Interallied Military Control Commission, says that after the large gas factories in Germany were destroyed, Dr. Stolzenberg, owner of the Hamburg factory, was permitted to buy some of the surplus war stocks to sell for industrial purposes. But Dr. Stolzenberg has given no adequate explanation of his possession of so much. It is recalled that he was connected with a German enterprise which built a poison-gas factory at Trotsk in Russia; and the suspicion is natural that German reactionaries have again outwitted both the civilian authorities and the interallied commissioners. Fortunately, the May election shows that the German people have no sympathy with such malefactors. The new government will surely press the investigation to the limit. Any hesitation would be ammunition for the French bitter-enders.

FOUR ALSATIANS, including Georges Eugene Ricklin and Joseph Victor Rosse, who were recently elected to the French Chamber of Deputies, have been convicted on a charge of plotting against France, and when the verdict was read a jeering, hissing crowd of sympathizers swept across the courtroom to embrace the prisoners and praise their stand for Alsatian autonomy. In a larger sense the issue at stake was not whether the accused were autonomists —they never denied it—but whether French rule was oppressive, and the verdict means "Guilty." Ricklin and his fellows want for Alsace autonomy within the French state. They are, for the most part, Catholics, and they demand the right to think and speak and pray in their native tongue, which is a dialect of German. They resent the separation of church and state under French rule; and they resent the effort to change the language of their prayers and litanies. Is France free enough to permit them to speak their protest in their own language and in their own papers? Apparently not, although Ricklin's French lawyer cried amid tears: "I implore you not to judge France by this verdict." Apparently under Poincaré France is adopting the same oppressive tactics as, under Germany, kept the border provinces in ferment and the peace of Europe in peril. And the autonomist victory in the last election indicates that Poincaré's methods are tending to produce the same result.

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT knows how to present a great trial. No dingy courtroom, but the grand hall of the former Nobles Club in Moscow, is the stage on which fifty-odd middle-class technicians of the Don coal-district are fighting, many of them for their lives, against charges of sedition and sabotage against the state. Walter Duranty has pictured the setting in vivid phrases in his dispatches to the New York *Times:*

> There is an atrocious reality in the long bayonets of the guards, in Krylenko's [the Government prosecutor's] trigger eagerness for the chase, and in the pallid fatalism of the fifty-two prisoners.

He describes the pitiful self-condemning whimpers of the accused technician who first testified, confessing his guilt and signing away his life with every word. He describes the grim, excited satisfaction of the crowd as Krylenko shows the sordid intrigues and plots to which the accused was a party. He tells, on another day, of the contrast between the cringing technicians and Rabinovich, chief expert in charge of the Don coal-field, a sturdy figure, contemptu-

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ously defiant of his accusers, sure of his own power. It is between him and the Government that the sparks are likely to fly, for he has been virtually the coal dictator of Russia for the past seven years.

THE CHARGES AGAINST THESE MEN are as sensational as the trial itself. Compiled in a vast document of 250,000 words, the indictments charge the existence of an active organization of disloyal engineers and managers directly affiliated with the former owners of the Don coal properties in other countries. Several German technicians are accused of having bribed Soviet experts to accept defective German machinery and of "conveying large sums of money from the French league of former proprietors to representatives of the sabotage organization." The accused men are charged with illegally transmitting reports on the coal operations to their former owners and with various other offenses, including espionage and counter-revolutionary political activities. To the main charge of "economic counter-revolution," twenty of the prisoners have pleaded guilty, ten more pleaded partial guilt, and the remainder pleaded not guilty.

FIVE WOMEN in New Jersey are doomed to die. They are suffering in the advanced stages of radium poisoning which they contracted while painting numerals on the dials of watches for the United States Radium Corporation at Orange, New Jersey. Six doctors have declared that they have but a short time to live; thirteen other women and one man who worked in the same factory are already dead. When these women first became ill the doctors were unable to diagnose their trouble. It was not until the disease became much worse that the women learned that it was radium poisoning contracted from the brushes which they pointed between their lips in painting the numerals. They then entered suit against the company. That was over a year ago. Since that time the corporation lawyers have done their utmost to delay and frustrate the cases of these women. They have even pleaded that the statute of limitations voids the cases automatically—notwithstanding the fact that the women did not know (within the two-year limit) that their sickness was caused by their work. For a time it seemed that the women would have to wait until next September for a hearing before the Court of Chancery before knowing whether or not they would have the right to sue. By that time one or all of the women may be dead. Most encouraging, therefore, is the opinion of Vice-Chancellor John H. Backes advising that action proceed forthwith in the regular trial courts. The tactics of company lawyers should not be permitted to obstruct a fair trial of these cases another day. As the New York *World* has remarked, "this is one of the most damnable travesties on justice that has ever come to our attention. It is an outrage that the company should keep these women from suing. . . . If ever a case called for prompt adjudication it is the case of five cripples who are fighting for a few miserable dollars to ease their last days on earth. If they are entitled to damages, they are entitled to them while they are alive. . . . There is no possible excuse for delay."

THE MOCK POLITICAL CONVENTIONS now being held in various colleges and universities have revealed an extraordinarily alert and intelligent attitude toward political issues on the part of the student representatives. At Smith College, for example, 190 Democratic delegates from fifteen colleges in the East and Middle West condemned unanimously "all organizations directed against freedom of speech and religious tolerance, especially the K. K. K., the Key Men of America, and a certain element in the D. A. R." Other planks adopted at this mock Democratic convention called for the recognition of Russia, complete and immediate independence for the Philippines, and the abandonment of imperialism. A Democratic convention at Washington University, St. Louis, deplored our intervention in Nicaragua and opposed "the proposition that the United States Government must protect the property of its citizens in foreign countries." Again, a general convention at the University of Minnesota adopted a platform calling for "absolute, complete, and unconditional independence for Haiti, the Philippines, Cuba, Costa Rica, and the immediate withdrawal of troops from Nicaragua." It also proposed recognition of the present Russian Government and the "immediate and complete disarmament of all nations." With reference to domestic issues all three conventions opposed the protective tariff, while the Minnesota group advocated "State ownership of public utilities and the national ownership of natural resources, railroads, and super-power plants."

HOW FANTASTIC this interest of college students in live political issues seems to the practical politicians was indicated recently in Washington. A delegation of thirty students from twenty-one universities and colleges—including Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Vanderbilt, and Boston University—wished to present their opinion on the Nicaraguan problem to the President. This larger group delegated a committee of four to speak with the Chief Executive. Their letter of introduction, however, only carried them to the President's confidential secretary. The secretary, according to the Washington and Lee University *Semi-Weekly*, stormed at the undergraduates and informed them that they had no right to meddle in foreign affairs:

> To intimate that something might be wrong with the President's foreign policy was no less than an insult. When one of the students produced a letter of protest against Mr. Coolidge's Nicaraguan policy, signed by a group of Mt. Holyoke students, there was another outburst. For students at a girl's college to tell the President of the United States how to conduct the foreign policy seemed folly indeed. They ought to know better than that.

Then the students saw eighteen honorable Senators; they were more sympathetic, but hardly more helpful. About Nicaragua, says the college paper, "most of them were fatalists. . . . 'We've our hand in Nicaragua; we can't turn back,' they said." But through these rebuffs, perhaps, the students received a powerful object lesson in American political practice.

TO SEND TO PRISON one of the few women who have attained high office in this country is not pleasant, but the conviction of Mrs. Florence Knapp, lately Secretary of State in New York, seems just. Undoubtedly the case is surrounded by politics; undoubtedly other officials have been doing the same sort of thing. But that is no reason why a woman as guilty as Mrs. Knapp should be allowed to escape. As a matter of fact, she was found guilty of purloining only the proceeds of one check. She could still be tried on about forty-five other counts. The State

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has been merciful. It did not prosecute her for putting her eighty-year-old mother on the census pay rolls and paying her sums she never earned; nor did it seek to punish her for destroying the census records which were its property—one does not burn the evidences of one's guilt if one is innocent. Her every act after her exposure was that of a guilty person. So Mrs. Knapp must be added to the long list of high State officials, from Governors down, who have besmirched the honor of their States and their country. We can only hope that the "New Tammany" in New York City will prosecute mere male malefactors as rigorously.

IT IS THE FASHION TO make fun of Rotary, but we have seen an exhibit which makes us think better of these men who stretch themselves upon the wheel of cheerfulness. It is a list of books for boys compiled by the Boy's Reading Sub-Committee of the Rotary Club of Baltimore—a frightful name for a committee, but a delightful list. The job of selection was evidently done by someone who knows books very well, and who knows, furthermore, which are the best ones; for we find not only the classics here but the most recent productions of such authors for children as David Putnam and Charles Lindbergh, Will James and Alfred Ollivant, Charles J. Finger and Hendrik van Loon. Our only fear is lest a boy get hold of the pamphlet. "Let good books," says a sentence on the cover, "be the windows for the boy's outlooking soul." "Good books shape character, they counteract superstition and vulgarity, inspire honor, high ideals, and the love of right; they are comrades of the mind and heart." If this does not warn the boy off of books altogether it will make him the kind of Rotarian of whom it is the fashion to make fun. What a dilemma!

What Is News in Haiti?

WE of *The Nation* think what is going on under the American flag in Haiti important. The destiny of American democracy depends in large part upon the manner in which we meet such imperial problems. When the United States forces a constitution and treaty upon a tiny republic at the point of the pistol, takes over the treasury and cuts off the salaries of recalcitrant officials, refuses to make payments in accordance with decisions of the Haitian Supreme Court, and, finally, annoyed at the court's independence, insists upon a new constitution giving the Executive, and, through the Executive, the United States marines, more power over the judiciary —when such things happen, they seem to us to constitute news in the sense of being interesting and significant happenings.

But they have not seemed to be news to the managing editors of the newspapers of the country or to the press associations. Little news has been put on the wires from Haiti, and that little has not been played up prominently. The assumption has been that Haiti did not interest newspaper readers; and perhaps the assumption was correct. At any rate, it seems to us, the question has never had a fair trial, unless in the New York *Times*. The *Times* sent one of its ablest correspondents, Clarence K. Streit, to Haiti at the time of the Lindbergh flight, and kept him there long enough to acquire the knowledge for several of the best articles on Haiti which have appeared in any American periodical. But most of the newspapers have not had correspondents in Haiti, and the news they have comes from a biased source. The Associated Press and the United Press correspondents in Haiti are both officers in the Marine Corps!

Two weeks ago *The Nation* printed an article by L. J. deBekker, News Are Scarce in Haiti, complaining of the news sent from Haiti and urging a Senatorial inquiry into conditions in that unhappy country. The *Editor and Publisher* has replied in a violent attack upon *The Nation* and Mr. deBekker. The *Editor and Publisher* has a right to attack that article. We have frequently criticized the newspapers for inaccuracy, and our own article was inaccurate. More than anyone else we regret that fact. But we think that the *Editor and Publisher* should have gone further in its investigation. The facts are not precisely as Mr. deBekker stated them. They are worse.

Mr. deBekker stated that the Associated Press was represented in Haiti by Captain Craige, U. S. M. C., former Marine Corps publicity man, and the United Press by H. P. Davis, author of "Black Democracy." He mixed his men, or his press associations. Captain Craige is the United Press correspondent; Mr. Davis was for many years representative of the Associated Press. Lately, as the *Editor and Publisher* points out, he has been replaced by Frank Evans. The *Editor and Publisher*, however, fails to add that Mr. Evans is an officer of the United States Marine Corps, chief of the Haitian gendarmerie, and, like Captain Craige, a former publicity man for that service!

It is, of course, difficult for a press association to find an unbiased correspondent in an out-of-the-way corner like Port au Prince; but does any editor in America think that the Haitians can possibly get anything like a fair break on the news when both of the chief correspondents in their country are officers of the occupying army, subject to discipline from their official superiors?

There has been news about Lindbergh and Will Beebe and archaeologists in Haiti, but almost no political news, and what there is is now subject to occasional censorship by President Borno. (Incidentally, Mr. Davis, the former Associated Press correspondent, assures us that his dispatches were never censored, either by Borno or by General Russell.) Mr. deBekker said that "no newspaper in America has been informed that Haiti has a new Court of Cassation [supreme court]," despite the importance of the story. The *Editor and Publisher* replies that both news associations sent out stories on the subject, the Associated Press on October 25, January 10, and March 31. That may be; but we have searched the files of five New York newspapers on the corresponding dates and not found a line on Haiti. Mr. deBekker should, of course, have inquired of the press services before making so sweeping a statement; but he knew that the press-clippings services had brought him no copies of the reports which the associations say they sent out. The fact is that Mr. Streit's stories in the *Times*, written after his return from Haiti and after the amendments had been put through, are the only adequate account we have seen in any American newspaper.

The *Editor and Publisher* has been a zealous fighter for an independent press. It wants, we are sure, unbiased news as much as we. But its editorial on Mr. deBekker's article was a partisan defense of the press associations and gave a distorted picture of the treatment of Haiti news by the press associations and the Marine Corps.

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The President and the Farmers

TO his credit let it be written down that President Coolidge stuck manfully to his guns when it came to vetoing the second McNary-Haugen bill and that he made no compromise either to conciliate the farmer vote or to indicate how this bill could be altered so as to win his approval. On the contrary, he lashed out at it with a vigor and a vindictiveness that stamp this veto message as the most effective he has ever sent to Congress. It rings with indignation and spares no adjectives, much less anybody's feelings. He wrote as if with the intention of arousing all the proponents of the bill and winning for himself the enthusiastic support of those who oppose it. The message is just the kind a brave man would write who was seeking to campaign before the people on a vital issue—as Mr. Coolidge is not; it is emphatically not the kind that a skilful politician would pen when his party was faced with the loss of its agricultural voters. To many it will seem final proof that the President is not hoping to be drafted at the coming convention.

When that is said, however, the message once more reveals the President's confusion of thought on economic issues and his inability to offer any leadership whatever in the direction of a real solution of the agricultural problem. Precisely as last year, he declares that the problem of surplus farm crops "has long been a subject of deep concern to the entire nation," and then plaintively adds that "any economically sound, workable solution of it would command not only the approval but the profound gratitude of our people." That any responsibility rests upon him to find the solution, especially when he has just vetoed the one measure that the farmers with the best will in the world have been able to devise, does not occur to him. He is not only the head of the nation, he is also the head of the majority party, and his party has again and again promised immediate and adequate relief to the farmer—indeed he was specifically elected upon this platform in 1924. He does not seem to realize that long ago he might have convened an assembly of economists and of farm editors and leaders to draft a relief bill without the features of the McNary-Haugen bill which he criticizes. He merely wrings his hands and wails: Won't somebody *please* come and get the country out of this mess?

That the bill he vetoed is economically indefensible and perhaps unworkable we have never denied. *The Nation* has found it tolerable only because we felt that the farmer had a moral right to special aid from the Government as long as so many other groups were allowed to have their feet as well as their snouts in the treasury trough. More than that, the farmer has several just grievances in the way he was treated when the government took him over during the war, the prices that were then fixed for him, and the questionable way in which he was deflated when the war was over. Mr. Coolidge forgets that the farmer has a memory when he denounces the price-fixing proposed by the bill; the farmer *remembers*, if the President does not, that price-fixing in Washington was considered right and just during the war. He knows that the emergency is greater for him today than it was in 1917 or 1918. Why cannot the Government fix prices today? Was price-fixing morally as bad in 1917 as Mr. Coolidge says it is now? The situation in portions of the West is worse now than it has ever been. There are thousands and thousands of farmers who have held on only because they have expected government help ere they sank. One more bad year and they will go down and will leave their farms, to swell the ranks of the unemployed in the cities. They have merely asked for bread; they get a veto.

Yes, and the man who denounces their bill as being full of "fallacious" and "dangerous" devices, intended to delude the farmer by "fantastic" promises, and to lead him into "a maze of ponderously futile bureaucratic paraphernalia" and "tyranny," offers once more the suggestion that the protective tariff on agricultural products be raised! What could surpass that for "ponderous futility"? The American farmer is trying to sell his surplus products abroad and the President urges higher tariffs against his competitors, when what is needed is the lowering of all tariffs, so that other nations may pay us with goods for more foodstuffs than they are buying now. Apparently Mr. Coolidge still sticks to the hoary old idea that when England or France buy cotton or wheat from us they pay with money.

Knock down the tariffs—here is the true and only immediate remedy for the farmer. It is not only that the farmer has to pay more for many of the things he uses because of the government-fixed higher prices on the goods of our protected manufacturers, but his own possible field of purchasers is narrowed every time any tariff schedule is put on. For the unanswerable fact is that nations can pay their debts, whether war debts or those of ordinary trade, only with the goods which we take in exchange. For years we have been hoping that the farmer would realize this elementary fact. If this veto helps to open his eyes it will have been extremely useful.

Meanwhile, the President has set off a tremendous charge of political dynamite and no man can guess what the result will be. Today it almost seems to insure the election of Governor Smith if he should be nominated. It must make it clear to the farmers that they are not to have equal standing, in the favors of the Republican Party, with the bankers and the manufacturers, or with the shipowners whose bill the President signed the same day that he vetoed that of the farmers. No fear of bureaucracy there, no protest against putting the government into business by helping shipowners to build new vessels by lending them funds at rates far below the market! Well, the Governor of Nebraska knows one way. We hope that the hundred thousand farmers for whom he calls will march on the Republican Convention and let its members know what they want and whom they will accept as a candidate. What they really should do is to bolt, to start anew the Progressive Party of 1924, which polled nearly five million votes, and then see to it that such a revived party makes tariff-for-revenue-only its cardinal principle. Beyond that, they ought at last to realize that the Republican Party, which has so long led them around by the nose, is owned body and soul by Big Business just as much as it was on the day when Theodore Roosevelt said that "the crooked control of both the old parties by the beneficiaries of political and business privilege renders it hopeless to expect any far-reaching and fundamental service from either."

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Why Juries Fail

NO right guaranteed by the federal Constitution (and in general those of the States) is more fundamental or democratic than that of trial by jury. Since the Magna Charta was wrested from King John seven centuries ago the jury system has been almost the foundation of popular liberties, and yet this country is likely soon to be face to face with a tolerably definite movement to curtail this right. Indeed beginnings in that direction have already appeared, and though it might seem as if no such attempt would stand any chance of success in the United States, we must not forget that Mussolini's destruction of democracy in Italy has aroused only slight criticism in this country and has actually called forth unstinted praise from many of our noted "captains of industry."

It is especially unfortunate, therefore, that we should witness what popular opinion believes to be such failures to obtain justice as those in connection with the trials of Doheny, Sinclair, and Remus, for naturally every such evidence is useful ammunition for those who would attack the jury system. If those who still believe in trial by jury as a fundamental protection against oppression do not wish to be put on the defensive they ought, therefore, to scrutinize our existing methods, with a view to getting better results. Probably they will reach the conclusion that the principle of trial by jury is as sound as ever; that the trouble lies in the growing technicality of our laws, in the absurd legalism of our court procedure, and, perhaps most important of all, in the methods of choosing our juries.

So far as Remus is concerned, *The Nation* has often expressed the view that the frequent miscarriage of justice in murder cases in this country is due to the fact that most civilized persons are opposed to capital punishment even though they are not aware of it sufficiently consciously to ask for exemption from service on that ground. We predict that the abolition of capital punishment will end many of the failures of justice in murder cases, as well as do away with the blare of publicity which more and more is becoming an intolerable scandal. As to Doheny and Sinclair, it has been noted that juries in the District of Columbia have become notorious for their failure to convict in cases of conspiracy against the Government. It was even remarked by some cynics when the Government elected to try Doheny and Sinclair in Washington that such a decision proved that the Administration did not want them to be convicted. In an effort to explain what appears to be a peculiar psychology in the District of Columbia, Julius L. Peyser of the National University Law School in Washington suggested recently in the New York *World* that there was a feeling of resentment against the Government among the residents of the capital due to the fact that they were deprived of the suffrage. Our observation of Washington is that the residents are notoriously indifferent to the privilege of voting and fairly conscious that without it they have probably the most honestly and efficiently governed city of its size in the country. But though we have not observed that residents of the District are resentful against the Government, we do believe that they often hold it in trifling respect. They are too close to the wheels that go round to hold them in awe. We think, too, that Mr. Peyser touches a significant point when he notes that all government employees—the substance of the citizenry—are exempt from jury duty in the District, the work falling on a small and indifferently equipped group of shopkeepers and artisans.

In fact the present system of exemptions from duty is not improbably a leading cause of the difficulties with juries all over the United States. As a rule doctors, lawyers, clergymen, teachers, journalists, transportation workers, and government employees enjoy a blanket exemption from jury duty merely by virtue of their occupation. We can see no reason for this, and it must be obvious that our juries are deprived of an important part of the education and intelligence of the community by such exemptions. To our mind a judge should be authorized to excuse any individual presenting an adequate personal excuse but there should be no exemption by occupation whatever. Neither should there be exemption from jury service because of sex. Women are as able and as obligated to serve as men.

It is a little staggering to find that practically all Americans, including those who complain loudly of the failures of the jury system, seek every possible loophole to avoid service themselves. Persons who put themselves to decided inconvenience to vote on election day will make every effort to evade the usually far more important job of serving on a jury. We believe that those persons who are so much concerned to "get out the vote" on election day would accomplish more if they would demand the abolition of occupational exemptions from jury duty and endeavor to "get out the intelligence" to serve on these bodies that hold the property and lives of all of us in their hands.

Fascist Blackmail

THE Fascist League of North America, Inc., conceived by Mussolini and operating under a constitution promulgated personally by him, carries on its propaganda wherever Italians live or work. Whether it employs fair means or foul depends upon the amount of opposition it meets. Recently its organizers have centered their attention on the mill-town of Milford, Massachusetts, where a small number of anti-Fascists are active among the Italian workers. So far the Fascist agents in Milford have thought it inadvisable to beat up or use other forms of violence against the opposition. Instead they have devised a form of pressure which they consider safer and quite as effective as direct blackjacking.

Mussolini is threatening relatives in Italy of Italians in this country—citizens of the United States as well as those who are not naturalized—in order to make effective his decree of March 24, that an Italian citizen must remain an Italian citizen, no matter in what land he lives, unto the seventh generation.

Recent letters from Italy received by anti-Fascist Italians in Milford throw a sharp light on this practice. We print below translations of two such letters, of which we have the originals. They are merely samples: there are scores like them. We have suppressed the names of the recipients and senders in order to prevent reprisals. The letters follow:

Province of Apulia, February 29, 1928

DEAREST BROTHER:

After a long time, I am writing to tell you that we are well, and we hope that you are too. But unfortunately bad

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reports have been received about you and so your family is being ruined—we are under surveillance and may at any time be sent to the islands. Moreover, it is said in our village that you are among those vagabonds who talk against our government, but you know what happens to those who speak badly of the government—they are put in prison, and so you are ruining not only yourself but also your family. We are all Fascists, and if you are an anti-Fascist we will pay the penalty for you. If you want to save your family, you must become a member of the Fascio. Dearest brother, listen to me, do what I tell you. That is the only means of saving your family. At the same time you must write directly to the Fascio of ——— and say that you will join the Fascists and that they are all liars who have said that you are an anti-Fascist. Will you write me this and let me apply for you to join at once? If you will not, your family will be ruined.

Your mother complains that you have not written to her and wants to know why. I will not add more. I send you greetings. Your sister ———

Another letter, dated March 30, 1928, read:

MY DEAREST ———:

At last I have succeeded in finding an opportunity to write you, but I write with a great fear weighing upon my heart concerning you. I do not know whether our news of you is a lie, but I hope it is. How does it happen that you, who were so industrious and so intelligent, are now doing what you are doing? And so I implore you, not as a friend, but as a son, because you could be a son to me, I beg you to tell me if it is true that you *have* declared yourself to be a Socialist and joined forces with ———, who has a bad reputation. Do you not know that your brother has already been warned by the police, and people who know everything say that the police will some day go to your father's house, and your family will be ruined and every member placed under police surveillance. They add that if you ever return to this village you will be shot. Have pity for your father and his ten sons. He can hardly make a living, he has not even enough money to buy a cigarette when he wants it. If you want to save your family, you must say that you have been deceived but that you have always been a Fascist, and if they doubt it, they can write to Italy and ask if your family is Socialist or Fascist. Dear ———, you must understand that your home is stricken as if someone had died there, it is even worse, because a corpse is taken to the cemetery and buried, while this thing remains with us for who knows how long? I have not told your poor father about you because you know how at this season of the year money is scarce. And now, when the village is ruined, comes this Easter present to us from you. If your father knew, he would commit suicide, and to prevent this (for he must surely find out), I beg you to write at once that you are not a Socialist but a Fascist. I am afraid that you will not follow my advice but will let yourself be swayed by those about you there. If you do not hurry up and send the word that I ask you, you will receive the news that your family has either gone crazy or killed themselves. I believe that you understand what I mean.

Best regards from my husband and many greetings and embraces! Your friend, ———

These letters are more than a record of insignificant personal misfortune. They reveal as well as tons of documents could do the methods and purposes of the Fascist machine. They offer a glimpse into the mind of Mussolini, and, indirectly, into the minds of the American plutocrats who visit him at Rome and come home uttering unctuous platitudes of admiration.

A Hint to Travelers

IF you are going to Europe this summer, and if you are one of those who seek out the haunts of authors, we suggest a slight change in the program which you have probably accepted without question from the tradition established by all your predecessors. We suggest that instead of restricting yourselves to Stratford-on-Avon, Burns's cottage, the Old Curiosity Shop, and the site of King Arthur's Round Table you come a little farther down in time. See those things by all means if you like, and when you are in Paris pay at least passing attention to the house of Victor Hugo, the tomb of Voltaire, and the stamping-ground of Villon behind the University; when you are in Germany do not be too superior to Weimar or Nuremberg, and if you venture into the Italian sun do not ignore the Forum, Pompeii, Dante's Florence, or Shakespeare's Verona. But other places call, and it is of them we speak.

In London there is a department store where Philip, the hero of a great modern novel, "Of Human Bondage," wore out his feet from day to day; there is also a restaurant where he met a girl named Mildred, and there is a hospital where he learned to be a doctor. These may be hard to find, but surely they are there; for Somerset Maugham was obviously writing a real book. And the pleasure of identifying such places might be appreciably greater than that to be had out of taking a full bus to Stratford or Winchester. Then there is the Bayswater Road down which the Forsytes rode to happiness or unhappiness; there is the world of Wells and Bennett; and there is the smarter world in which the heroes of the brightest, newest novels dance and doubt and drink. There have been novelists in Paris since Balzac and Hugo. André Gide has written "The Counterfeiters," for instance, and if you know it you will want to slip into the railway terminals, down the bourgeois avenues, and around the literary corners, in order to feel that you are treading where only three years or so ago trod Olivier, Bernard, and the Comte Robert de Passavant. Or drop back a bit and try the cafes where Verlaine sipped his absinthe and read his poems, detouring as you do so in search of the house where the poet of the bulbous brow first saw Arthur Rimbaud. Follow the pair to Brussels if you have time. Step over into Wassermann's Germany, and as you go look up at the Alps in an endeavor to determine which slope is distinguished by the presence of the most interesting building in modern fiction—the tuberculosis sanitarium where Hans Castorp, the hero of Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain," languished for seven years while he heard such talk between Settembrini and Naphta as two men never made before.

These places are already quite as classic as the places made conventionally so by Shakespeare and Scott. It does not take time to make a masterpiece immortal, and imaginative readers of contemporary literature know this very well. It is as if Philip suffered from his club-foot and from his love of Mildred a hundred years ago, or a thousand; it is as if the magic mountain had heard those syllables before there were men to speak them. And if you object on your return that there was not much for *you* to see there—that it must have been all in Maugham's or Mann's imagination—after all, the same thing holds for the time-old poets and story-tellers. Maybe the moral will be that you never needed to haunt the haunts of authors.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I THINK it is a good thing that America gives out its cheers to German officers who were, ten years ago, our foemen in the field. But I think this rather striking fact deserves some mulling over. In 1918 every German was a villain of deep-dyed hue, and worst of all were those who flew in airplanes and dropped bombs upon big cities. Our own aviators were more careful and managed, through some magic or the holiness of their cause, never to kill or maim non-combatants. At the moment Baron Huenefeld and Captain Koehl are objects of our admiration. How did this all happen within ten years? No mighty change has occurred in the character and personality of our guests. We honor them now because they showed great courage in their flight to Labrador. But very probably they were equally courageous during the war.

It is my theory that Americans never did hate the Germans with any truly deep-seated venom. The passions of that period were fostered during some curious aberration. But, of course, another explanation is arguable. You may answer me by saying that our hate was genuine and the present hullabaloo is puffed up and rootless. I will not allow much merit to a third contention that we did very rightly and wisely to hate the Germans in 1918 and with equal justification love them now. That seems to me a silly notion.

And still I want to know whether hatred or admiration is more normal among the mass emotions. I would like to think that never again could millions be made to swallow tons and tons of atrocity stories and actually believe that fundamental human nature varied under different flags and that virtue began and ended at the boundary lines of allies. But I'm much afraid that it would not be beyond the bounds of possibility for us to go through the same old processes once more and drum up a bitterness against Germany or any other nation. Yet if dark days should ever come again let us remember this, that now in June, 1928, we are sane people. I have faith enough in mankind to believe that it is easier to keep a long cheer in the human heart than to carry around malignant hatred. If ever the world goes completely mad on any other occasion and the frenzy catches us, at least let us never forget that what we all do is part of a great insanity and something to be forgotten with the return of reason.

Unfortunately we learn few lessons from any war because of the grounds upon which we are inclined to extend forgiveness to our adversaries. I'm all for complete accord but on slightly different grounds than those which generally prevail. Our German friends go and stand at attention where the eternal light is burning. Over such an incident we all grow sentimental and seemingly we say, "All this is very fine because after all the men on both sides did what they thought was right and everybody was brave and noble."

But I don't think that there is, ever, after any war honor enough to cover all contenders. There is not honor enough to make a decent suit for any single nation. Even about a conflict as ancient as the Civil War I am not wholly reconstructed. I cannot sit by happily while handclasps go around and everybody says, "Maybe we were both right." I'm all for embrace and reconciliation between peoples who have been hostile, but the understanding which should draw them close together is a common acceptance of the fact, "Maybe we were both wrong."

Indeed at the risk of seeming a shade intolerant I must express the opinion that the commotion about the German fliers in this country has gone a shade beyond reasonable hospitality and helpful friendly feeling. To be sure it has been for a long time forbidden for our German-American citizens to cheer about anything. But the present demonstration has gone to a point where it is not altogether a question of good-will toward Germans but ill-will toward former allies. I do not think the English elements in our population are super-sensitive if they get the notion that somewhere within the ticker tape was a brick for Britain.

That war guilt should be shared all the way around the circle is wholly in accord with my own opinions. But I am not yet prepared to accept Germany as a country whose record was as white as snow simply because two brave Germans flew in a plane to Labrador. Black hatred is by far the meanest of all human emotions but excessive sentimentality is not altogether to my liking either.

It was my firm intention never again to mention in print any phase of my recent dispute with the New York *World*. Controversies long drawn out are tiresome and nobody wants to leave himself open to the charge of suffering from a persecution complex. Moreover, I find that even my own bitternesses are of a transitory nature. Yet there is one point which I must mention and this is absolutely the final and five-star reference to the matter. In the symposium printed in *The Nation* one or two editors took the attitude that if I wished to criticize the *World* it would have been better taste for me to resign from its employ before I did so. This observation hops over the fact that during my long contractual relations with the newspaper I offered my resignation upon several occasions because of sharp disagreement. Not only did I offer my resignation, but on at least two occasions I urged with all my strength that it be accepted. And each time I received a formal notification that I would not be permitted to resign. It would have been silly and useless for me to have gone through that performance again.

Moreover, I created no precedent by criticizing the *World* in an outside publication. Two or three years ago Mr. Cain of the *World's* editorial staff took issue with its policy upon a public problem and expressed his dissent—also in *The Nation*. At that time the *World* took a very proper pride in the fact that many persons said it was a fine, free thing for a newspaper to permit an employee to make his disapproval of its own policies public. And again I wish to point out that during the play-jury frenzy the *World* took a slap at me in its leading editorial, although I was at that time the paper's dramatic critic. Not that I objected to that. I think it is interesting to carry on controversy within an organization. Still, I am somewhat irritated when poor taste is charged against an individual for hitting back.

If *The Nation* takes occasion to chide me in print I promise not to take it amiss. I even suggest that the editorial board might publicly reveal the fact that I am fearfully tardy with my copy.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Americans We Like
Governor Byrd of Virginia

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

The Thirteenth in a Series of Personality Portraits

GOVERNOR HARRY F. BYRD has received an unusual amount of national publicity since he became chief executive of Virginia in January, 1926. This has come to him because of his extraordinary success in reorganizing the State government on a business basis and in advancing the interests of the Old Dominion educationally, industrially, and in other ways. In all the publicity accorded him, however, surprisingly little has been said about one of the most noteworthy aspects of his career; namely, his willingness to buck the trusts, specifically the oil trust and the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Byrd is in no sense a demagogue or a corporation-baiter. He is a wealthy man himself, the owner of 65,000 apple trees in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, the largest privately owned apple orchards east of the Mississippi. In addition he has done more to bring new industries to the State than any of his predecessors; indeed, he has been criticized by persons who feel that he places too much emphasis upon the acquisition of additional smokestacks. Certainly the system of taxation he has devised for the State is successfully designed to appeal to outside capital.

These facts and his own easy financial circumstances have not blinded him to the needs of those less fortunate than himself. Soon after he took office he became convinced that the oil companies were profiteering not only in Virginia but throughout the United States. On June 1, 1926, he accordingly addressed to President Coolidge a letter in which he pointed out that since February 12 of that year the wholesale price of gasoline in all parts of the country had been raised by about one-third, imposing an additional burden of some $300,000,000 annually upon the consumers, and that other increases made at the same time in the price of crude oil, kerosene, and by-products would bring this amount to the appalling total of approximately half a billion dollars. Declaring that "the monopolistic control of the oil industry can hardly be denied," Mr. Byrd urged "a fearless and non-political investigation by the Federal Trade Commission so that the full facts can be given with respect to the increase in prices by the oil combinations, the recent mergers, and apparent price-fixing agreements." A few days later a resolution was adopted by the Senate directing the Trade Commission to make the inquiry requested by the Virginia executive. But the result of the investigation was foreshadowed when President Coolidge characteristically announced next day that while he saw no harm in having the commission look into the question, he did not believe it would uncover any abuses or bring about a reduction in prices. Nothing further was heard from the matter until December 12, 1927, when the conclusions of the investigators were transmitted to Congress. As was to be expected, a generous coat of whitewash was applied to the oil trust by the President's commission, and the public received no relief. Governor Byrd's effort to obtain a "fearless and non-political investigation" for the benefit of all the people thus ended in failure. But he was able, none the less, to curb the oil companies in Virginia. He transmitted to the 1928 session of the State Legislature a special message in which he asserted that Virginia was being discriminated against, in that her citizens were paying an average of two cents more a gallon than those of other States with similar conditions. He declared that Virginians were being overcharged to the extent of $3,000,000 a year as a result of this "arbitrary action of the oil companies controlling both the wholesale and retail price of gasoline," and placed most of the blame on the Standard Oil. Mr. Byrd asked the General Assembly to pass a law authorizing the Governor to require the oil companies to furnish him their wholesale and retail prices on gasoline in Virginia and other States whenever he requested them to do so.

A bill embodying his recommendation was introduced, whereupon the oil trust at once began violent efforts to defeat it. Rarely if ever in the history of the State has a more active or more numerous lobby descended upon the Capitol. The measure was hotly debated, and its opponents exerted themselves to the utmost, but Governor Byrd's influence determined the issue, and it was finally passed. The bill makes it possible for him to bring the pressure of price publicity to bear whenever he feels that the cost of gasoline is being arbitrarily hoisted. To date the Governor has not used this authority. If he does, the companies, which contend that the act is unconstitutional, may refuse to comply with its provisions and take an appeal to the courts. Tennessee is the only other State which has adopted similar legislation. An act there providing for a State commission to fix the price of gasoline is now being tested before the United States Supreme Court.

Governor Byrd's fight on the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was waged in 1926 and received even less attention outside of Virginia than that on the oil trust. It grew out of an effort on the part of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Virginia, a subsidiary completely dominated by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, to obtain increases in rates amounting to $772,000 a year in gross revenues. The State Corporation Commission heard the evidence and allowed increases totaling only $200,000. The Chesapeake and Potomac then announced that it would appeal the case and take advantage of a law placed on the statute-books before Governor Byrd took office, which strangely enough permitted a public utility to place in effect rates sought by it, pending a decision in the appellate court. The Governor felt that this law was unjust. He saw no reason why the people should pay such rates before the higher court had authorized them. True, the tele-

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phone company was required under the act to give bond for a return of the excess payments in the event of a refusal by the court to approve the increased charges. The executive pointed out, however, that the statute would give the company in the present case the use of more than half a million dollars annually without payment of interest, that the case might be carried to the United States Supreme Court and be dragged out over a period of four or five years, and that at the end of that time if the higher rates were refused, a large percentage of the telephone subscribers would never receive the excess payments due them, since they would have moved elsewhere or died.

Governor Byrd accordingly delivered an ultimatum to the telephone company. He informed its officials that they would have to agree not to put the rates they desired into effect until authorized to do so by the appellate court, or he would call a special legislative session at once and amend the law before they had a chance to take advantage of its provisions. Representatives of the company hastened to Richmond and exerted all the pressure they could command, but the Governor was adamant. The telephone officials did a lot of squirming, hemming, and hawing, but he compelled them to meet his conditions. The special session of the assembly was not called and the telephone subscribers of the State were saved a large amount of money. The Virginia Supreme Court held some months later that the Chesapeake and Potomac was not entitled to any increases other than those allowed by the corporation commission. The company took no appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, thus ending the affair. When the General Assembly met last year, Governor Byrd brought about the repeal of the statute authorizing public utilities to charge higher rates before such rates are allowed by the appellate court.

At the 1928 session of the assembly, in addition to securing the passage of the "gasoline price report bill" the Governor was responsible to a considerable degree for placing control of all insurance rates, with the exception of those on life insurance, under the State Corporation Commission. This was done in accordance with the recommendation of a special commission of Virginians appointed by the executive, pursuant to a resolution of the legislature, to investigate insurance rates in the commonwealth. This commission found that the fire-insurance companies had been making "more than a reasonable profit," asserted that they had been discriminating against Virginia as to rates and in other ways, and urged that rates of the fire, liability, casualty, and workmen's compensation insurance companies be placed under the Corporation Commission. The Governor approved this recommendation, and the bill became a law, despite the opposition of a large insurance lobby.

Such are the salient facts in the story of Governor Byrd's dealings with profiteering companies. Equally creditable to him has been his firm stand against the crime of lynching, and the enactment this year at his urgent request of the Virginia anti-lynching bill, a measure without a counterpart in this country. There have been fewer lynchings in Virginia during the past generation than in almost any other Southern State, but Governor Byrd took the position in his 1928 message to the Assembly that "it is intolerable that there should be any." The anti-lynching bill was passed unanimously in the Senate and almost unanimously in the House. It makes lynching an offense against the State as a whole, subjects all participants in lynchings to charges of murder, and authorizes the Governor to have the Attorney General aid in the prosecution and to spend any sum he (the Governor) sees fit in bringing the guilty parties to judgment. A provision that a community where a lynching occurs must pay $2,500 to the heirs of the person lynched was stricken from the bill by the legislature.

Governor Byrd undoubtedly wields a more powerful influence than any of his predecessors. For example he made sixteen major recommendations to the 1928 legislature and every one was adopted substantially as made. His record with the two preceding legislatures was almost as good. Measures which a few years ago were very nearly laughed out of court by the Assemblymen were passed almost unanimously when he brought the weight of his personality and his talents as a practical politician to bear upon the lawmakers. Naturally he is not infallible, but his mistakes have been impressively few in number. The State has adopted the segregation plan of taxation, and Mr. Byrd's effort to have it written into the constitution is meeting with bitter opposition from many newspapers and citizens who hitherto have supported him wholeheartedly. His oft-reiterated claim that taxes have been lowered during his regime also is strenuously disputed. While most of the farmers have benefited, many urban dwellers clamor that the taxes levied against them are higher than ever before. It is a pity, too, that the Governor opposed discontinuance of appropriations to the Virginia Military Institute after a commission of competent and impartial Virginians had recommended it. But on the whole his administration has been successful. In two years he has turned a deficit in the State treasury of $1,368,000 into a surplus of $2,600,000.

Appropriations during the last two years to institutions of higher education for capital outlays are far in excess of those for any similar period in the history of the Old Dominion. The University of Virginia, indeed, receives a larger sum than the entire amount allotted to it by the State for capital outlays since its establishment by Thomas Jefferson. Appropriations to the public schools have also been greatly increased.

Governor Byrd's conception of the obligations of public office is undoubtedly above that of the average politician. When several Virginia newspapers suggested recently that he would make an excellent running-mate for Governor Alfred E. Smith on the Democratic ticket, he declared that he would not accept the nomination under any circumstances. "When elected Governor of Virginia, I pledged myself to give my undivided time to the performance of my duties," he said, "but to run for the Vice-Presidency would necessitate speaking tours which would interfere with my duties as Governor."

If I appear to lavish an excessive amount of praise upon Governor Byrd, I can only say that I have not always held him in such high esteem. I did not rejoice when he announced his candidacy for the governorship in 1925, for during his ten years in the State Senate he had been a consistent "machine" man. This did not seem to augur well for a progressive gubernatorial administration. I was taken by surprise when he launched his program of reform—and, incidentally, so was the machine.

Although Mr. Byrd comes of aristocratic Virginia lineage, and is a direct descendant of Colonel William Byrd II who founded Richmond in 1737 and built "Westover," one of the handsomest Colonial mansions in the State, he is the most unassuming of men. Describing himself as a "plain business man and farmer," he is unpretentious in manner

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and attire. At his inauguration instead of wearing the orthodox stove-pipe hat, he appeared in a derby. As to his personal habits, he refuses all forms of alcohol and tobacco, and "cusses" only occasionally, but he is neither puritanical nor sanctimonious, and he is tolerant of the peccadilloes of others. He keeps in good physical trim in summer by taking a swim before breakfast in a Richmond lake, and in winter by hunting quail and wild turkey in the Virginia woods and fields. His smooth ruddy complexion and cherubic countenance make him appear even younger than his years. He will be forty-one on June 10.

Several times he has said that his only desire upon the completion of his term in 1930 is to return to his apple orchards in the Shenandoah Valley, but the State and nation cannot afford to lose his services. Governor Byrd has not yet reached his prime. Like his brother, Commander Richard E. Byrd, he possesses the high talent and unflinching courage to accomplish even greater things in the future than he has in the past. At a time when charlatans and corruptionists are playing so large a part in our public life, America can use Harry Byrd. His pippins and his winesaps can worry along without him.

Communism and Violence

By JEROME DAVIS

RUSSIA startled the world last November with her proposal for the complete abolition of military and naval forces in all countries. She proposed that "All weapons and military supplies, means for chemical warfare, and all other material forms of armament be destroyed. All warships, military, and aircraft be scrapped, and that military training be discontinued." And it was Russia again who argued with great force at Geneva in March that "since armed forces have no other reason but for the conduct of war" the only logical and consistent action for the delegates there assembled would be to indorse the principle of complete disarmament.

Of course, no such action was taken by the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations. Instead, there was bitter criticism of the Soviet policy with Lord Cushendun, British representative in the Council of the League, leading the attack. Russia was accused of bad faith in her stand on disarmament, and of a demonstrated belief in violence.

If her critics had said that Russia has expected and prepared for violence, they would have been nearer the truth. For a series of events in Russia during the past year gives the key to this expectation and goes far to explain why the Soviet Government is extraordinarily concerned at the present time with the abolition of war—both by moral resolution and by practical method. To understand the Russian attitude let us review the record of the past year as it has appeared in Moscow.

Little more than a year ago the Soviet Embassy in Peking was invaded, the premises searched, and several wagon-loads of documents confiscated. At about the same time, the consulate in Shanghai was blockaded; and in England the premises of the Soviet Trade Delegation were raided, the secret code-book taken, and diplomatic relations severed. Following closely on this came the murder of Voikoff, the Soviet Ambassador, in Warsaw on June 7.

These events, according to Russian belief, are only the more obvious steps in a carefully planned and organized attack against Russia carried on by Great Britain through groups in Poland, Finland, and Rumania. The Russian authorities cite damaging evidence:

Toward the end of 1926 the Russian GPU (Secret Service) successfully frustrated a plot to murder Petrovski, chairman of the Central Committee of the Union, and later another against the chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the Ukraine, Tchubal. At the same time the head of the GPU at Leningrad was shot at and his assailant, the son of a colonel in the White army, was arrested.

In March, 1927, plots against the lives of Bucharin, the editor of *Pravda;* Rykov, chairman of the Council of People's Commissars; and Stalin, head of the Communist Party, were uncovered, and the assailant, Gurevich, of White Guard fame, was taken.

In May a group of former officers of the Kolchak army were arrested, and finally confessed to a connection with a Mr. White, head of the Consular Department of the British Mission in Moscow. They had planned to blow up the Kremlin and perhaps the Grand Theater during one of the meetings of the party.

At the end of May, 1927, a powder magazine was "fired" in Leningrad. The Russians believe that it was set off by the commander of the magazine who was in British pay.

On June 3 the GPU captured a bomb of French make but with a British case, intended, so it is claimed, for the headquarters of the GPU in Leningrad. On June 7 two bombs were hurled into the Communist Party club in Leningrad, wounding thirty people, some of them seriously.

Last November in Leningrad the Soviet police claim to have uncovered a spy nest of the British and Finnish governments. Twenty-five agents were arrested who finally confessed that they were securing secret information regarding the Baltic fleet and the military forces of Russia. The Russians give the details concerning fifteen other spies who were arrested and convicted. In each case, the Soviets proved to their own satisfaction that back of the criminal was English gold.

In addition to the cases already described, the Russian authorities have a mass of evidence which tends to incriminate the British directly. In the summer of 1925 Sidney G. Riley, formerly captain in the Royal Air Force and a member of the British Secret Service, was arrested crossing the Finnish-Soviet frontier disguised as a Russian merchant with a Soviet passport. He finally confessed that he had come to Russia on his own initiative to organize insurrections. Just before coming he claimed to have had a personal conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill. An interesting feature of his testimony was the statement that "the British Secret Service hands over everything from the material at its disposal which might be of interest to America to the American Secret Service."

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Corroborative of the confession of Riley is that of another spy, Elvengreen, who participated actively in the White armies against Russia. Information reached Moscow in 1926 that the monarchists were sending a terrorist to Moscow to assassinate various members of the Government. Shortly afterwards Elvengreen arrived in Moscow with a Rumanian passport under the name of Pavel. He was arrested and confessed to terroristic deeds, among which were attempted assassinations of Chicherin and the Russian delegation to Genoa. He admitted relationships with Captain Riley and of receiving money from him.

Another exhibit involving England is a letter from the British Consul in Leningrad to the British Trade Mission in Moscow. The conclusion reads: "It is not an easy matter for me to obtain the information you require; for my Russian birds which I send out for such purposes run a very serious danger of being hanged or quartered by the GPU for espionage." The British now admit the authenticity of this letter, but assert that it was not intended seriously.

While in Moscow I attended the trial of Drujilovski who had confessed to fabricating Soviet documents and selling them to various consulates and embassies, especially the British and Bulgarian. The forgeries implicated Russia and the Communist International and were published all over the world. This document purported to show that the Communist International had sent $340,000 to the American Communist Party. At the conclusion of the trial Drujilovski publicly confessed his guilt, begging only for the mercy of the court.

The Russians also have a large number of letters signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the "Ukrainian People's Republic," Tokarchevsky, from February, 1926, to June, 1927. The Ukrainian People's Republic is made up of officials who were in power prior to the time the Bolsheviks captured control of the Ukraine. They now maintain offices in Paris and Warsaw. One letter, dated July 23, 1926, shows that at that time they were receiving about $5,000 a month from the British. Another dated February 21, 1927, acknowledged the receipt of $10,000 from the same source. I made copies of twelve of these letters and have photographed four of the most important. One of these, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Ukraine, in Paris, was addressed to the President of the Republic in Warsaw. It is dated February 2, 1927, and reads:

> The English Government demands that the general staff of the Ukrainian People's Republic shall send its delegates to London for the purpose of solving the questions concerning the army of the Ukrainian People's Republic. . . . It is of interest that the British now insist that the army of the Ukrainian People's Republic shall be created out of insurgent forces in the territory of the Ukraine itself.

Even more recently, in May of this year, Russian and foreign engineers have been charged with economic sabotage in the Don coal basin. Bolshevik officialdom believes this also to be part of a foreign plot.

It is small wonder that in the light of all this evidence, irrespective of the genuine extent of England's activity in Russia, Mr. Rykov, president of the Council of People's Commissars, should say:

> At the present moment the Conservative Government of Great Britain, after having broken off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, is carrying on a furious campaign against the latter in the whole world and preparing for new adventures against it. When our opponents use all means from corruption and bribery, the organization of conspiracies, or murder, provocations, arson, and the preparation of military attack, then it would be a crime on our part not to take decisive measures to protect the interests of the workers and the peasants.

Of course there is another side. The Communist International, quite apart from the Soviet Government, has sent financial help to English Communists. It is also true that the Russian Government has executed some spies with a hearing by the GPU only. Both facts are to be regretted. Enough has been established, however, to prove that England does not come into court with clean hands.

Florida Aftermath

By HENRY S. VILLARD

Miami, May 10

TO the feverish boom days of 1925 and the hectically unsettled conditions of 1926, Florida today presents a contrast at once refreshing and depressing. Like a mad, bad dream, the real-estate delirium has passed. Coolness and sanity remain. But the southern part of the State at least, which went considerably crazier than the rest, still suffers from the weakness of convalescence.

The first thing that strikes the returning traveler who has let the boom-end and the hurricane intervene between visits is the difference in transportation facilities. Those who remember the railway embargo of 1925, the blockade of Miami harbor by an overturned schooner, the shocking stretches of main highway, find that in this two-year period the Florida East Coast Railway has double-tracked its principal line, the Seaboard Air Line has been extended to Florida City, and the harbor at Miami has been widened and dredged. Most significant of all, the splendid new links in the Federal Highway, the repaved Dixie, the cross-State Tamiami Trail, and a rapidly expanding network of other fine roads have put Florida into the van as a bidder for motorists.

The further one gets into Florida, the more one is impressed with the absence of ballyhoo. All the extravaganza of picture cities, all the fantastic hokum of lot-selling and lot-buying, all the hypnotism of get-rich-quick—which used to transform the most unsuspecting tourist into a frenzied financier—has vanished like a soap-bubble. The relief of driving again without being importuned at every foot to make one's fortune in swamp-land is indescribable.

The clean, pleasant towns in the central portion, like Deland, Sanford, Orlando, and Sebring, have an aspect of quiet prosperity. They are firmly founded on the citrus-fruit and garden-truck industries, and never suffered any serious effect except to have their numerous orange orchards staked out into "town" lots. But approaching Miami

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—the "Magic City" of the boom days—there are signs a plenty of unrealized grandeur.

Dead subdivisions line the highway, their pompous names half obliterated on crumbling stucco gates. Lonely, white-way lights stand guard over miles of cement sidewalks, where grass and palmetto take the place of homes that were to be. Street signs—where a "Ponce de Leon Boulevard" was planned to intersect an "Avenue Alcazar"—point forlornly skyward. Instead of billboards flamboyant with the name of some super-subdivision or dream development, the advertisements read virtuously of motor-cars or cigarettes, or—more reassuring still—of native dairies and agricultural products.

From Hollywood on, one is confronted with more tangible evidence of what might have been. Gaping structures, tragically uncompleted, are mute reminders of ambitious schemes for apartments, casinos, country clubs. The great Roosevelt Hotel in Miami, abandoned when almost ready for the window panes, is a grim landmark. Whole sections of outlying subdivisions are composed of unoccupied houses, through which one speeds on broad thoroughfares as if traversing a city in the grip of death. Traces of the hurricane are scarcely noticeable. With the exception of the Rose Mahoney, cast up on the Miami waterfront, and a few unrepaired buildings, there is little to tell of the havoc of September, 1926.

So much for outward appearances. Internally, the situation shows promise despite certain discouraging factors. First of all, the idea that Florida real-estate—whether a corner lot on Flagler Street or an acre of muck land in the Everglades—is a God-given opportunity for wealth and happiness has been forever dissipated. To hear a Miami realtor freely admit that there is no market for business lots two miles out on the Tamiami Trail, or that homesites in Poinsettia-by-the-Sea are no longer in demand, is a healthy sign in itself. To the frequent question, "Will Florida real-estate come back; and if so, when?" he simply smiles and answers cautiously that no one can venture to predict. "But," he adds, "people are going to come here in increasing numbers. Once they get sand in their shoes, they always return."

True Floridians apologize for the year 1925. "If everyone else hadn't gone crazy," said one veteran dealer, "we'd be downright ashamed of ourselves. As it was, we were just carried off our base by the excitement which caught Northerners and Southerners alike." They are emphatic in not wanting the boom to recur.

Having got rid of the gambling bug, Miamians are slowly realizing they must have some sort of industrial background to justify their skyscrapers and countless moderate-sized homes. Already, there is a beginning in the marketing of carbonated waters, fruit beverages, and food staples; but uncertainty, indecision, and lack of cooperation have prevented development of more substantial businesses. Until a real effort is made to encourage the manufacture of furniture, cigars, and local products in the form of souvenirs and small knick-knacks, the only sure source of income will be tourists.

The tourist crop the past winter was an excellent one from the standpoint of numbers. It was not a spending crop of tourists, but Miami Beach real-estate picked up to the extent of several transactions on an all-cash basis. Prices for ocean-front property were quoted at from $500 to $750 a foot, instead of $1,000 to $2,000 as in the boom times. However, the shank of the tourist season is only six weeks long, and the summer doldrums are almost here.

Summer is the lean season for Miami. In 1925 shirt-sleeved crowds swarmed along the streets from June to October; restaurants, drug-stores, cafeterias—not to speak of the merchants and contractors—did a phenomenal business. Even in 1926, till the fall hurricane scattered destruction, there were almost as many people on the beach in July as there were in January. But in the summer of 1927 Florida touched her lowest point—and indications are that during the next few months the tide will ebb still further.

There were, last summer, desperate cases of unemployment. Many people were starving. A typical example is that of one man who obtained a day's work from the city each week, at a salary of $2.35. On this he supported a family of three. A waiter in Miami Beach has tried ever since the hurricane to save enough money to buy a ticket north. Every time he got ahead of the game he would be thrown out of work, and his funds evaporated before he could locate another job. "I think I'll make it this time," he confided, "after the Shrine convention."

There is no doubt that Miami will be the cheapest place in the United States to live in during the summer of 1928. With the tourists gone from a tremendously overbuilt city one may rent beautifully equipped apartments for $15 or $20 a month. One of the most pretentious buildings on the beach, whose monthly rate two years ago was $250, now rents the same suite for $35. In 1926 one was lucky to get a double room in a private house for $50 a week. Until next November one may rent a luxurious Spanish stucco home on the bayfront, completely furnished from table-linen to radio, for $50 a *month*.

This summer will see other troubles in the real-estate field. Most of the contracts in the boom period of 1925 were made on a three-year basis, and many of the final payments will shortly come due. There are mortgages to be lifted on empty apartments which still have unpaid land contracts hanging over them. There are tall office buildings to run with dozens of vacant offices. One hears persistent rumors that Coral Gables—foremost subdivision of all—is very near the rocks. Not this year, nor for several years more, will Florida have swept her slate clean of the boom effects. Yet one cannot but share the Floridian's confidence in the fundamental integrity of his State. The inhabitants are seeking earnestly, conscientiously, to eradicate the stigma of foolish speculation. They have removed the evidence of one of the most disastrous storms that ever hit the American continent. They are going ahead in developing their natural resources while at the same time beckoning to the winter tourist. Certainly, no State can be down and out that is everywhere pushing the construction of magnificent highways—though a gasoline tax of five cents on the gallon has much to do with this.

The people of Florida have received enough setbacks to dismay the most indefatigable. There seems only one explanation why they remain undaunted, why they resolutely face bankruptcy and semi-starvation till tourist time rolls round again. They know they have that eternal, irrefutable, salubrious climate. They know it is impossible to be wholly despondent in that cheerful atmosphere. And they know, too, that the very persons getting out of Florida today are going to return tomorrow, for—they've all got sand in their shoes.

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In the Driftway

IT was formerly customary to say, when a great injustice had been done to the name and fame of a man, that in succeeding generations he would be vindicated at "the bar of humanity." The Drifter used to reflect philosophically upon this High Court of Errors and Appeals as one of the compensations of a none too perfect world; but apparently there are more literal-minded persons. About a year ago he heard that the executive committee of the Warsaw Kehillah had initiated a movement to revoke *pro modo et forma* the ban of excommunication which had been laid upon Baruch Spinoza by the Amsterdam community in the seventeenth century. A little later he learned from the dispatches that a modern Athenian had similarly made an appeal to the Athenian Supreme Court to reverse the sentence of death which had been passed and executed upon Socrates almost twenty-five centuries ago!

* * * * *

THE Drifter decided to let these amenities pass without protest or comment. After all, he reflected, Spinoza and Socrates had actually lived in this world at one time, had actually suffered injustice, and even a belated gesture was better than nothing. It seems, however, that a concerted effort is now being made to secure a review of the judgment in the celebrated literary case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick which, as all Dickensians will recall, was successfully prosecuted against the chairman of the Pickwick Club by his landlady in the year 1831, when she mulcted him in damages to the tune of £750 for a breach of promise. Briefs may or may not have been formally filed but Sir Gordon Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, solemnly reviewed the case for the London *Times*, and Supreme Court Justice Gibbs has now done the same on this side of the waters. Both eminent jurists agree that a grave injustice was done to Mr. Pickwick and one which could never happen under our present more enlightened legal systems.

* * * * *

THE Drifter feels that he can discuss the verdict without qualms since, as the case did not occur in real life, he cannot possibly be had up for contempt. He almost expected Justice Gibbs to add at the end, as is customary when a writ of error is allowed: "Judgment reversed. Costs to abide the event." His legal learning is none too great but he still has a few scraps, and so he wishes to ask: What becomes of the rule of "res adjudicata," not to mention "De minimis non curat lex"?

* * * * *

"OUR justice today," remarked Justice Gibbs obiter, "is much surer. There has been a complete revolution in legal thought, and modern methods are infinitely superior to those which prevailed in England a century ago." Well, it may be so, but the Drifter will be pardoned for harboring doubts. The blackmail of breach-of-promise suits still continues, and he recalls in the general field of justice such melancholy fiascos as the Sinclair verdict, the Gordon case, and recently the Straton-Smith case. In fact, he suspects that this turning from the miscarriages of justice in the real world to the case of Mr. Pickwick in a fictitious world is only another indication that our administration of justice still leaves much to be desired. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The General Reports

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am submitting an account of the occurrences in Belmont County on April 21 which resulted in the arrest of fifty-one women.

On Tuesday morning, April 17, the sheriff of Belmont County was informed that crowds were gathering at the "Mutton Hollow Mine," near Lansing, which was being worked by union miners under the Jacksonville agreement. The crowd, led by "save-the-union" leaders, became so menacing that it was believed the lives of the miners were in danger. The sheriff requested the aid of National Guard officers, and with them and a force of deputies went to the scene of the riot. The sheriff ordered the crowd to disperse, and was met with derision and refusal. Seven men and three women, who refused to leave, were arrested. The crowd gathered again that evening and was again dispersed, thirty-seven men being arrested.

Thursday evening a crowd of approximately 350 men, women, and children again gathered in the vicinity of the mine but were dispersed by the officers. Eggs and rocks were thrown, accompanied by much cursing and many threats. After a conference with the sheriff the women agreed to peaceful picketing and arrangements were made whereby they could picket in groups of three, the groups to be twenty-five feet apart.

On Saturday morning 125 women in one group attacked a union miner on his way to work in the presence of two deputy sheriffs, who were unable to quell the disturbance. Later, Sheriff Hardesty with his deputies proceeded to Lansing, near the mine, and arrested four men, leaders of these disorders, on a charge of rioting, and placed them in the Belmont County jail at St. Clairsville. As they were leaving the hall with the men the women made a determined but vain attempt to release the prisoners.

The arrests were followed by a mass meeting, during which it was decided to march on the county jail. The sheriff was advised that a mob of some 300 men and women were coming to St. Clairsville by truck and auto to release the leaders. He asked Colonel Caldwell to furnish soldiers to assist in guarding the jail. Colonel Caldwell assembled a detachment and proceeded to the jail. Later a crowd of 200 arrived at the edge of St. Clairsville; they were met by members of their party who had preceded them and informed that the jail was protected by soldiers. Over half of this gathering then dispersed; the remainder decided to continue the march. Some eighty persons, mostly women, proceeded toward the jail, a number dropping out en route, exactly fifty-one women remaining in the column. About half a block from the jail they were met by Colonel Caldwell and Captain Sears, who asked them their intention and were informed that they were going to the jail. Captain Sears then said that they would be arrested if they did not disperse. They stated that they had come to go in the jail and that they were going to do so, and Colonel Caldwell told them to go ahead. Upon entering the jail they were placed under arrest and charged with inciting riot.

Sheriff Hardesty stated that in any event it was his intention to arrest the women concerned for their participation in the previous riots. All fifty-one of the women were arraigned on Tuesday, April 24, and released on bond of $200 in most cases. The women stated to officials that they had been dared into taking the action they did and would not be identified with further disorders. Since these arrests there has been no further trouble at the Mutton Hollow mine.

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The Ohio National Guard constitutes the only police force of the State of Ohio. Its functions are to protect life and property in emergency. It has been preserving life by extending relief to starving children in various parts of Ohio. As the protection of life from violence is one of the purposes of law, the guard is liable to call for the purpose of upholding the law and preventing violence, disorder, and loss of life or property.

Columbus, Ohio, April 30 FRANK D. HENDERSON, Adjutant General

A Good Suggestion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inasmuch as Walker and Hylan have announced themselves as candidates, may I suggest the name of Congressman La Guardia as the next mayor of Greater New York? He does not know the writer, nor does he or any one else know that I am writing this letter.

As a distinguished progressive and sincere fighter for the people, he would, doubtless, attract the independent voters of all parties together with the many Democrats who are thoroughly disgusted with the sham battles of the Walker Administration.

With the outlook of the Democratic Party being badly split at the next mayoralty election, and the fair assumption that the people of New York have had enough of the Walker and Hylan administrations, it should be a walk-in for La Guardia on a Republican ticket.

New York, May 10 A. M. BLATTMAN

As Others See Us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My firm received the inclosed envelope, with the stamp surcharged "Let's Go! Citizens Military Training Camps"—an official government appeal to prepare oneself for the next war. In view of the peaceful words at Havana, would it not be more expedient for the United States to keep these martial calls from South American ears, where they must seem somewhat contradictory? Surely you do not wish us, in South America, to imitate you in war preparations, or is it your intention to collect allies from anywhere for the next war, thus following Great Britain's example in the last?

Bogota, Colombia, April 27 JOSE ANTONIO

Women in Medicine

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No woman physician can fail to admire those who fought to be admitted to the profession, and to give thanks to them for their struggle. But I think that women who segregate themselves professionally in these days are harming themselves in that they fail to receive the benefit conferred by competition. I happen to be one of the few who are on hospital staffs in this city. We, as well as the men, have to show that we can work and produce something of value, and I firmly believe that any woman working with men who proves that she has more ability than her colleagues will receive the recognition she deserves. It is high time that women cease to feel injured and thwarted and to realize that they are not discriminated against by the men who count. If men are advanced ahead of women on hospital staffs it is because they are more valuable members than the women.

I have such faith in the ability of women that I wish they would show to the mere males that they are just as capable of doing independent pieces of research. They will never become leaders in the profession if they think that they don't have to work for leadership exactly as hard as the men do. Incidentally, the feelings of some of the men who have worked to get women the recognition they now receive are being distinctly hurt when they hear women saying that they are being discriminated against because of their sex. And that is apt to hurt their cause rather than help it.

It is no easy task for anyone, male or female, to get anywhere in this town, and a woman who takes time off, as I have done, to bear children, has rather a more difficult task than the unencumbered, of whatever sex. However, if women have the backbone to do it, they can.

New York, April 8 LUCY PORTER SUTTON

Contributors to This Issue

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EGMONT ARENS is associate editor of *Creative Art* and has produced modern lamps which are now on exhibition at the Weyhe Gallery in New York.

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International Relations Section

Government of Natives in Africa

By LORD OLIVIER

II. JUSTICE

IN a previous article* I spoke of the coercive taxation and registration of natives, who are punishable if they move about their own country without their identity paper or pass. Our future in Africa greatly depends on the judgment which such dealings by the white man with Africans, in the assumed interests of European civilization, produce in the African mind.

The native understands them better than he may sometimes appear to do, but he is obedient to law. He does not freely express to his masters what he thinks about them; but it is not difficult for sympathetic investigators to find out. He believes these things are done by the white man in the white man's interests and without regard to his own.

Africans do not desire that Europeans should act as trustees for their civilization. Rather they desire association and opportunity. They have accepted and, in some cases, asked for the protection and government of the British Crown. It would be a mistake to suppose that, even if they are savages and not, as increasing numbers now are, educated and civilized men, and if white men have machine-guns and can at present subdue them, it does not matter what they ask or desire. It is essential to realize what they do ask and desire and how they can be dealt with without inducing unhappy results. The African respects and believes in law and government. These are for him institutions of social necessity, and their authority is embodied in his chief or king, from whom he expects government, but demands justice.

It is not wise to tell an African you are exercising "trusteeship" (a conception he quite understands) "in his interests," when, for example, you are taking away land that belongs by his tribal law to some of his families, and giving it to white planters. He will only smile appreciatively at your artistry in palaver, smile still more if it appears that you suppose he believes you, and despise you if it dawns upon him that you really believe it yourself.

It is wiser simply to tell him that the English King wants the land for his white men, and says he must go elsewhere; and if you deal equitably with him in the exchange he will bear you no grudge. But if you deal unjustly you strain and destroy his loyalty and his belief in the King's justice, which is your only real hold on him, for he will not respect you merely because you are a public official. He is "impudent" because he believes unsophisticatedly in his own obvious rights, and is not in the least impressed by your interested assessment of them. He gives in to force, for violence has been his environment, and it is better to live than to die. He obeys law; but protests against its unjust usurpation. Slavery he understands—who better?—and forced labor—but he does not believe, with Plato's Sophist, that "the interest of the stronger" is justice. "Contact" is good for and acceptable to him; but only on his own terms. (It is also in some respects very bad for him.) It is attractive to him to work for the white man when the latter pays him good money, which he wants in order to buy cows, or a wife, or desirable products of "white civilization" such as a bicycle or a gramophone.

But sensible pressure upon him to work for white men or to go on working after he has earned as much as he wants does not civilize him, but alienates him from civilization and disposition to industry. For two generations after emancipation in the West Indies this method of civilization was tried, with the result that except in small islands where there was complete white land monopoly and the Negro was helpless, Negro labor became the despair of the planters, and they had to import what the Negroes always called "slave-coolies." No Jamaica Negro would ever enter into a labor contract; no African regards such a contract as morally binding, any more than he does the masters and servants laws; he regards it as a form of slavery. The appreciation and observance of free contracts is an essential for civilized economic development, but it will not be taught by compulsion plainly exercised in the immediate pecuniary interests of an employer. The Negro values white civilization for what he can get from it, and if, as it can, it helps him to make his own work efficient in his own interests, he learns to value its modes of industry and becomes an improved and more efficient laborer when he wants to work at wages. The parrot-preaching that the native "ought" to "work" is one-third sound sense, one-third interested cant, and one-third sheer superstition—that labor is good in itself—which no African will ever believe, and would not even if he did not see that the white man himself illustrates, by his practice, Mr. W. B. Yeats's dictum that "idleness is the reward of toil." What is wrong with the native's industry is not that he is idle—for he is not—but that he is inefficient and amateurish.

"Trusteeship," sincerely conceived, may be helpful; but it is dangerously indefinite, and liable, as we see, to disastrously superficial interpretations. We shall do quite well enough in our African empire if we stand aloof from injustice and forbid, on any pretext whatever, interested oppression of black men in the interests of white men, or of "white civilization," as our pride and belief in the essentials of that civilization constrained us to do before we took part in the "scramble for Africa."

* Published in last week's issue of *The Nation*.

A Prison Autobiography

CARLOS MONTENEGRO, a young Cuban poet, has been in prison for nine years—since he was eighteen years old. His poems and stories have appeared in *Social*, *Carteles*, and other Havana papers, in José Vasconcelos's *La Antorcha* in Mexico City, and in many South American papers. A street brawl in which he killed a man brought him a sentence of life imprisonment before he had ever read a poem or dreamed that he could write one. A political-prisoner poet, Tallet, awoke in him in 1921 the artistic consciousness which has made his name familiar in Latin literary circles. Friends are now attempting to obtain a pardon for him; those interested may communicate with José Antonio Fernandez de Castro, editor of the

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Literary Supplement of the *Diario de la Marina*, Havana, Cuba, from which we reprint a part of his "I: Autobiography of Prisoner No. 8962."

I am descended from the Montenegros of Valle-Inclán's "Romance de Lobos," a gang of noble brigands. But I do not attribute my crime to atavism. My father, a military man of the colonial period, protested against the shooting of Zenea—"whose whole brain," he used to say, "I saw spilled on the ground"—and in that way his career was ruined. When the republic was inaugurated he became a Cuban citizen. I was born in Spain. My father, who failed in business also, sailed for Argentina with the whole family, at the invitation of his brother, another wolf escaped from the pages of our "Pan-like" relative's "Romance." There, in spite of my youth, I began to observe at close range the vile face of Caliban, embodied in my uncle. (Some day I shall go to Argentina to write some stories about those days.)

I also became acquainted with the *gauchos*—the last of them!—whose memory has had a large influence on my life. Tall and bearded, naive and courageous and noble, they gathered around me while I taught them Cuban street songs. Through me the wind of the pampas spread old songs which my twelve-year-old voice and the guitars of the pampas—shades of Alcides de Marias!—disfigured so thoroughly that perhaps their authors, should they chance to go there, would not recognize them.

An anecdote: The anniversary of Argentine independence was being celebrated, and all the houses were bedecked with flags. My mother, far from her country, enjoyed herself by making an enormous Cuban flag which caused a sensation in the town, where it was unknown. Raised on the roof of our house, it overshadowed the tiny Argentine flags of the neighborhood. "Pebete," the mayor's son, raised an outcry that almost severed diplomatic relations between the fatherlands of José Marti and of Sarmiento. . . . I, being less diplomatic, deprived the young man of two front teeth, and his father, the mayor, had me arrested. I was one hour in jail, in the company of a drunken and lascivious lout, who scratched me all over, and, upon leaving, I was feted by the *gauchos* of the countryside, who gave me a gigantic horse and a set of *bolas* weighing ten pounds—a beautiful recompense.

We returned to Cuba, where no one knew us. We became poor. All that my father could obtain from Don Cesar Herrera, a friend in the good old times, was a job on one of his ships. So at the age of fourteen I was a bad kitchen assistant who dreamed God knows what dreams while he peeled potatoes. Endless voyages followed. No friends, for I opened myself to no one. The mines and factories of the United States, the Mexican *huaztecas*, and the ships of the Atlantic and Pacific know that I not only learned to keep quiet before others but before myself, losing sensibility to the point of becoming an authentic sailor. Culture? The forecastle brand. Morals? Those of my environment.

Thus it was my misfortune to land in jail, where I found men as good or as evil as the rest, and books that I rented in exchange for cigarettes; books about the "audacious cavalier" and others as bold; I learned how to carve peach-stones, and the wardens of the moment gave me access to the prison library—a maximum concession. In spite of everything, I continued asleep. You cannot be a sailor for five years in vain. A fellow-prisoner, who was compiling a book of verses for his mother, asked me to write him a poem. After reading poems he had written, I found the task easy, and my verses went into the book which may, perhaps, be a consolation to my comrade's mother (he is now dying of tuberculosis in the prison sanitarium—I wonder if he also will be denied a pardon!). By writing bad verses, I at last met a man: Tallet. He awoke me.

I do not deny that I needed some sort of discipline, and that I found it in prison; but not in the regulations. Tallet was my discipline. . . .

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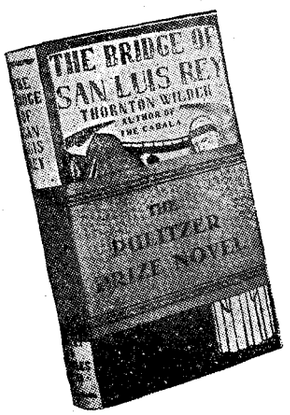

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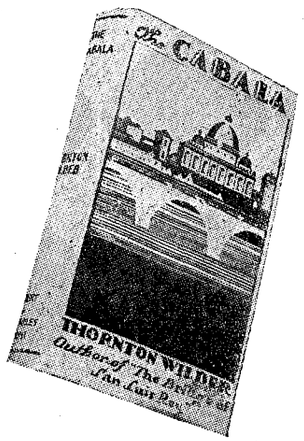

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Summer Book Section

Two Poems

By CARL SANDBURG

Early Hours

(To A. W. F.)

Since you packed your rubber bottom boots
And took the night train for northern Wisconsin
To hunt deer in the ten days allowed by law,
I have remembered your saying the hunters
Get up out of bed and dress for shooting,
For reading snow tracks, circling, waiting, firing,
At the hour of half-past four in the morning;
Now this has been in my mind sometimes
When after a long day's work and more than half a night
I opened the east window before going to bed
At half past three o'clock in the morning
And there were deer feet and horns of stars on the sky.
I listened to the chiming of a watch and said,
"A couple of hours and Jim'll kill a deer, maybe."
There are different kinds of early hours.

Different Kinds of Good-by

Good-by is a loose word, a yellow ribbon fluttering in the wind.

Good-by is a stiff word, a steel slide rule—a fixed automatic phone number.

A thousand people? And you must say good-by to all? One at a time?—yes, I guess you need a thousand different good-bys.

There is a good-by for the Johnsons and another for the Smiths and another for the Poindexters and the Van Rensselaers.

And there is the big grand good-by to the thousand all at once, the whole works.

The American Indian: Poet and Pragmatist

By HARTLEY ALEXANDER

A GREAT chapter in the history of mankind is closing, and with little note. The clocks of time turn in unvarying cycles, but their hours strike with events which fall once for all, and of which the significance is caught or lost only as the age be blind or seeing.

Once in the history of our planet two worlds met, an Old and a New, and the one with its swollen tides obliterated the other leaving no more than the flotsam and jetsam of a genius which, in the arc of the ages when the two dwelt apart, had erected its own characteristic habitation of life and limned its own distinctive image of the human spirit. One can read in the rocks beneath one's feet the tale of similarly catastrophic changes; a fauna flourishes; seas, teeming with a new life, arise and reduce the old to bones, bury the bones beneath its sediments, and write there the records of a new being, different and indifferent.

In the year 1500, to the men of the new civilization of Atlantic Europe the Western Hemisphere was the new, although measured by maturity of race its world was perhaps older than their own, while the period of its occupancy long ante-dated the neolithic origins of their ancestral homestead. In the year 1700 Europe had not yet recovered from the surprise of the first collision, from its sense of the transatlantic novelty; and in the fields of both terrain and thought the two worlds were still fighting blindly. In the year 1900 the conquest was completed, but America, fading into its long past, still remained undiscovered. Nor is it likely that there will ever be more than archaeological restorations of this lost world; for where barbarians conquer they efface.

Every type of man builds up that which we vaguely name a culture, meaning thereby a house of life outwardly imaged in a civilization of some sort and inwardly and metaphysically revealed in a form or mind. Such patterns are our ways of accepting the universe, and their assemblage constitutes what we call humanity. Just as it is happening to us now, such a thing happened also in the older America; and it was the instinctive fascination of its recognition that caught and held the imagination of Europe, even if it failed of the European's comprehension.

Nothing in the old narratives is more interesting than the laborious efforts to describe the character of the American Indian. His virtues and vices are set in series of careful antitheticals, each overscored as if for fear of formal dishonesty—the real fact being one of essential puzzle on the part of the *sçavan*, for the curious were mostly French. It is not "a vain curiosity nor an idle knowledge," writes Lafitau (1724), "which induces the *voyageurs* to give their 'Relations' to the public; for one should study manners in order to form manners, and one may find everywhere something from which advantage may be drawn. . . . Under appearances uncultivated and rude, you will find everywhere among these peoples a love of country graven in their hearts; a natural passion for glory, a greatness of soul not only under the test of peril but even in the midst of misfortune; an impenetrable reserve in their deliberations; and where the concern is the deed a despisal of death born with them and fortified by education."

There are other paragraphs in the same sense, earlier than Lafitau and later; and the interesting fact is that when seeking for a familiar analogy the writers turn so spontaneously to the Spartan or the Stoic, to the classical images of the disciplined body and the disciplined soul. The Indian seemed to them what they imagined Spartan

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and Stoic should be, and they instinctively acknowledged in him the mold of a man at once self-aware and self-trained: a man who could keep his own silences, and whom no wheel could break. It is true that they were perplexed by his refusal to recognize the Christian virtues (he was cruel); by his lack of their refinements (he seemed gross); by the simplicity of his arts of life (out of all accord, as Lafitau remarks, with his address of mind and hand); and again by his want of curiosity and his unbelief in speech, for the Indian was inexpressive and taciturn. The great talkative European virtues simply were not found in the forests of a New France that was no France at all; and yet every missionary and every voyageur knew, however little he understood them, that there existed in the foresters certain disciplined virtues—"a grace and a courtesy," says the Sieur de Poutrincourt, "as familiarly theirs as are our own"—which made the term "savage," in any disrespectful sense, ridiculous. And this remains true down to our own hours.

Not that the clock has struck to a recognition that is much nearer. The reserve is still unpenetrated. We are still mainly dependent for our understanding of the Indian upon the impression he makes upon us, and we are still uncomfortably confident that he makes more of an impression upon us than do we upon him; we are the children, he is the reflective elder; and though he may be weakened with age until he is helpless in our hands, we know that his soul and his secrets are inviolably his own. Some things we may learn: the externals of his handicrafts; some things we may record: his rituals and their myths. But the soul of the man we may only faultily divine.

We can see in him an experience of the world and a pattern of life, constituting his form of what we call philosophy. Like every other philosophy it is both an expression and an art of living, combining man's recognition of a fate-assessing Nature with an open acceptance of Nature's mandate to man—his day and his life, under his own will. Only, perhaps more than in other philosophies, the art outbalances the expression, the act incorporates the image. For in Indian mode this at least is certain, that ideas play out into deeds or they are nothing, that human life is a role with an acted meaning, that speculation gives but the scenarios of conduct. The New World philosophy was activistic before the pragmatists were born, and with a more imaginative reality than our pragmatisms have as yet achieved.

It is this pragmatic character of the Indian's philosophy of life that makes it so especially difficult to translate into words, perhaps above all into literary words, even after it has become in part understood. There is to be sure a great body of myth and tradition still preserved out of the vastly greater body that is forever lost. And there are directions of thought in this body of lore which define for it certain philosophical inclinations, of the types with which we are familiar from our own world. We can recognize, for example, that the Indian's conception of the world is insistently image-like, and that the image is indistinguishably composed of the visible and the invisible, the potent and the impotent, or as we say of the material and the spiritual; but we should go wrong if inferring therefrom that this world is phantasmal in being, for in fact it is intensely and realistically dramatic. The world is like an Indian dance for which the spectators are only an accident, a thing created not to be seen but to be done.

And from this recognition, if we will but give ourselves over to the spirit of it, we can proceed to another: that the whole movement of the world is one of *trying out* its own substance and its own possibilities. Every creation cycle, every tale of migration, every building-up of a great ritual, when read for its meaning, repeats this prime character of Indian thought. The world is experimental, following patterns that are often monstrous and illusory, struggling toward some unborn Sun, some Messianic awakening, for which all that anteriorly passes is but desperate quest. It is a thing that cannot be obtained without sacrifice—grim sacrifice—and the tale of the world is an heroic movement, on through groping centuries, in which gods and titans no less than men are called upon to suffer destruction in their hour, that their being may be transformed—with the hope, but never the certainty, that the new order may be better. Nowadays we are philosophizing out an "emergent evolution" theory of the Form of the Fact. Indian philosophy was built upon such a theory, from before our counted years.

So much for the world. What for the life of man? The inference is obvious. Man's life, too, must be framed for the setting. He is an actor or nothing—and the drama is heroic. Life is again a trying out, an ordeal. It is arranged in order that souls might be embodied and show of what spiritual stuff they are composed; and the two virtues are courage and fortitude, the will to face peril and the power to endure suffering. Nothing is more instructive than the Indian's respect for an old man. It is not the old man's wisdom nor his knowledge of tradition, although these may be prized, that first of all makes him worthy of veneration; it is just the fact that he has succeeded in living through to the last of them the series of changes that mark the arc of human possibility; he has completed the Life, where but few may complete it; and this alone is taken to be evidence of greatness of soul. Where few live through to the end, he who fulfils the pattern of life is himself an exemplar, himself "possessed" of some more than normal humanity.

Of course it was in war, conceived not as a peril but as a career normal to the man who would prove himself, that this attitude toward life finds its readiest illustration. It is not that war was equally momentous for all tribal groups, or that it was waged always for the one purpose; but it actually was dominantly momentous, and it actually was dominantly also a kind of crusade for human nature, or for the proving out of the man's powers. The Middle Ages in Europe developed something of the same conception, although there the ideal warrior received sanctions from other values—the Christian virtues, for example—than the testing of his own valor and prowess. With the Indian the primary thing was self-proof, and his supreme virtues became simply the duties of meeting suffering and death with an insouciant soul.

One illustration might be permitted, a fragment only from Lowie's illuminating record of Crow religion. The Sioux had killed a Crow father and his child. The mother went to Face-on-both-sides, saying: "You have a body and you are still here. I wish you would kill a Dakota for me; no one else can kill one; you are the one to do it." The war party was organized: Face-on-both-sides, his friend Wants-to-die, the Medicine leader, the old man Humped Wolf. When they were near the enemy, the old man said: "This is a fine day. Your mother must have

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been waiting for you, thinking you were going to bring a Dakota scalp. When a woman gives birth, it takes her a long time and she does not know whether she will live or not. You have it easy; the camp is right there. Mount your horses and go; there is nothing to hold you back. When you get there you either will be killed or will kill an enemy. Let me know your heart." Wants-to-die said: "I am going to speak; listen. I have heard what this old man has said when he has spoken to his nephews and sons. He wanted to make men of his nephews and sons. I am going to excel them. Let us all mount our horses. When I am old, I shall die. I am ready to die at any time; I want to find out how it is to die. It is like going up over a divide." And he sang his war song:

> Eternal are the heavens and the earth;
> Old age is but an evil:
> Charge!

It is Homeric, both in its simplicity and in its magnitude, only, unlike Homer, it belongs not to the morning but to the evening of a race; and one cannot but wonder whether, when the evening of our race actually falls, the philosophy to which men will then cleave may not be nearer to this Hesperian composure than to the roses of the Homeric dawn. Certainly, if there is still a philosophy of intelligence, it will be as simple and as unadorned.

Not that tenderness is wanting in Indian thought; it is often delicately present, even though it may be a tenderness without surrender of the biting principle. When Manabozho banishes his resurrected brother to Beyond-the-Sunset, there to be a Chieftain of the Dead, he commands him, as he goes thither, to plant beside the trail beautiful flowers in order that the souls of little children—for these also must die—may be guided along the path and thus easily find their way.

One need not comment upon such poetry. One can only recognize that it is a great treasure—discovered in its ruins, like the Parthenon, prized like the books of the Sibyl for the tierce that survives as greatly as for the whole that might have been preserved.

Piscator and the German Tradition

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Berlin, April 17

THE various productions of Erwin Piscator have furnished Berlin with its sensations for the present season. His enemies maintain that his vogue will die as soon as the novelty of his extremely unconventional methods wears off, and I am told that a distinguished Austrian journalist has just come to Berlin with the express purpose of waging war against him; but however that may be, there can be no question that he has been, for a year at least, the most-discussed figure in the theatrical world of Germany. A stormy petrel whose every production has scandalized those whom it did not delight, he has been denounced as a charlatan as well as acclaimed the leader of the one progressive theatrical movement in Berlin, and he has undoubtedly succeeded in making his productions in the Russian manner occupy the place left vacant by the virtual disappearance of the native German expressionism. Even those who dislike him most talk volubly about him, and no one who professes the slightest interest in the stage misses any of the plays which he directs.

An enthusiastic Communist, Piscator confesses his intention to make each of his productions serve to some extent as revolutionary propaganda, and he has had a brief but conspicuous career. After directing various Labor Theaters, first in the provinces and then in Berlin, he joined the Volksbühne, where he produced Gorki's "A Night's Lodging" and then a new play called "Sturmflüge," in which, for the first time, he used the films which have since become one of the most conspicuous features of his method. His success here was great enough to cause Jessner to make him an assistant at the Staatstheater, but the two productions which he made there caused so much scandal (chiefly because he made one of the characters of Schiller's "Die Räuber" into Trotzky and one of the characters of Ehn Welk's "Storm over Gothland" into Lenin) that he either left or was asked to leave the Staatstheater last spring. This autumn he secured a rich patron and started out as an independent producer with a new play by Ernst Toller called "Hoppla, wir leben," which was followed by Alex Tolstoi's "Rasputin" and (directed by an assistant) a translation of Upton Sinclair's "Singing Jailbirds." Though the first two achieved considerable success, none of the three is now running, and my own impressions of his work are based upon three performances: "Konjunktur" (Lessing Theater), "Die Abenteuer des braven Soldaten Schwejk" (Theater am Nollendorfplatz), and "Der letzte Kaiser" (Theater am Nollendorfplatz), the last being directed by an assistant and generally considered a failure.

It is evident that Piscator regards the dramatist's script as no more than a scenario upon the working out of which the director may exercise his ingenuity, and though he uses every mechanical and electrical device that modern stagecraft has developed he uses them all not, as, for instance, Reinhardt used them, for the purpose of creating a sustained illusion, but in order continually to surprise the audience with unexpected and grotesque effects. A loudspeaker, fixed high up on the proscenium, interrupts now and again with raucous comments; from time to time screens, obscuring all or only part of the scene, descend and films, either photographed in the ordinary manner or exhibiting animated cartoons, are projected upon them; while at other times the whole stage moves in some way or other. In "Konjunktur" a huge constructivist setting representing an oil-field turns about to exhibit different aspects of itself to the audience, and in "Schwejk" a series of moving bands serve either to shift pieces of scenery back and forth or to act as tread-mills upon which the actors walk, while a cinema panorama moves in the opposite direction across the back of the stage. A Piscator production is, therefore, and in any event, by no means monotonous.

In none of the plays which I have seen is the content particularly novel ("Schwejk" presents the burlesque adventures of an amiable blunderer during the war, "Konjunktur" recounts a rather obvious fable to illustrate how oil is a danger to the peace of the world), and the objection which the holder of any orthodox system of aesthetics would be obliged to raise to the method in which they are presented is simply that Piscator never speaks the same artistic language for five minutes together. The film, for example, is a strictly realistic medium. It depends for its effect upon the

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fact that when we see nothing but black-and-white, two-dimensional representations of familiar objects we are able to permit such representations to stand for reality, and after a time we quite forget that they are actually like reality only in some few respects. But when such a black-and-white picture is made to serve as a background for an actor, then the presence of a real person suffices to destroy completely the possibility of any illusion, and what may be said of the attempt to combine the cinema with the living actor may be said also of the attempt which Piscator makes to combine the conventions of the fable with the conventions of the drama or to build industrial settings which are not quite real and which follow no yet understandable artistic convention. No sustained illusion of any sort is produced.

To all such objections Piscator would doubtless answer, first, that he accepts no conventional system of aesthetics, and second that he does not intend to create an illusion, but that he uses the films less because they are realistic than because they can be used as a sort of shorthand to communicate an idea to the spectator even without producing an illusion. Such a relatively conservative artistic organization as the Moscow Art Theater has adapted certain radical devices and made them serve the ends of conventional art, as it did, for example, in the productions of "Carmen" and "Lysistrata" seen in New York; but Piscator's aim is not, as theirs was, merely to devise a fresh language but to create an entirely new kind of art (little related to any art of the past) whose aims, I must confess, I am at present capable of comprehending in only a very vague fashion. To those who predict the rapid collapse of his vogue when all his tricks have been played his admirers retort that as yet his tricks (if tricks they are) have shown no signs of being exhausted; and here at least they are entirely right, for whatever else Piscator's productions may or may not be, they are undoubtedly both lively and entertaining and their director shows more resource than any of the groups in New York who attempt similar things have ever shown. Perhaps he is only surprising, but at least he does actually surprise.

Throughout all the changes of taste and style the traditional consciousness of the German school of acting has been maintained, and though it is doubtless to some extent threatened by both the invasion of American plays and the vogue of Piscator it is still, to my mind, the most striking and admirable feature of the German theater. In America the actor is rather ambiguously regarded. He is primarily a person who exploits his personality, and being such, his status never ceases to be, in part at least, that of a bathing beauty or a mountebank. In Germany, on the other hand, the actor is regarded not as a public pet but as an artist. He is esteemed as a great writer or great musician is esteemed, and he is expected to justify this attitude toward him by practicing a genuine art. People here do not "go on the stage" simply because they happen to be pretty girls or "interesting looking" men. They study acting with the same seriousness that any other art is studied, and the result is not only that various great actors are produced but that the general level of competence is far higher than that in the United States. I have seen ten plays this season in Berlin and with the exception of "Broadway" and perhaps one other each was infinitely better played as a whole than any except one play out of a hundred in New York. Nor is this excellence confined either to one generation of actors or to one school of players. It extends from such long famous performers as Lucie Höflich (creator of many of Hauptmann's roles), whom I saw in a magnificent performance of "Ghosts," and Werner Krausz, who appeared in Reinhardt's production of Hauptmann's new play, "Dorothea Angermann," down to the lesser-known performers in such a modern drawing-room comedy as "The Constant Wife" or such a modern, subduedly realistic tragedy as Duvernois and Birabeau's "The Eunuch." It is not only in the grand style that the Germans excel. They excel in whatever style, grand or small, which they happen to cultivate.

We in America are far too fond of trusting to nature to supply the deficiencies of art, and the system does not work. Our producers will employ an actor (if he can be found) when it is absolutely necessary to do so, but if, let us say, the role is that of a silly young girl, why, then, silly young girls being much commoner and much cheaper than actresses, a silly young girl is engaged in the hope that she will be herself upon the stage. In Germany they know that art is required for every role and they get, as a result, a consistent effect very rarely seen on our stage. I am perfectly well aware that there are limits to what art can do, and that in some very serious theaters these limits are overstepped in a way that was once very well satirized by a drawing published years ago in a Parisian comic paper. It depicted the plight of an ambitious young member of the Comédie Française who was being admonished thus by his manager: "You are too young yet to play anything except old men; after you have been here for thirty or forty years then, perhaps, you will be the *jeune premier*." Anyone who has ever seen the coquettish Sorrell disporting herself as a girl of seventeen has realized that there are limits to art, but I have seen no evidence in the German theater of the tendency to overstep them. Roles must be played by persons within whose physical reach they are, but those persons must be artists as well.

Nothing I have seen in the Berlin theater seems to me so worthy of study by American producers as this same unchanged tradition of great acting which is kept up even now, when, as most observers tell me, there are few new plays quite worthy of it. We have learned from Reinhardt most of the things which he as an individual had to teach us; I have myself neither seen nor heard of any modern German dramas that are better than those which we can find at home; but as players the Germans are far above us. Unfortunately, however, their skill is not something which a producer can buy the rights to or bring home in his trunk. It is not a fad or a fashion or a set of ideas but an art, and art, as quite a number of people have said in various languages, is long.

Literary Adventure

By NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

He steered by the stars upon a rotting ship
  And brought it—not safely perhaps—into a slick white harbor.
Now, with sea-draggled beard upon his lip,
  And polite grief, or something, in his head, he seeks, mistrustfully, a barber.

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Pressure

By MARY AUSTIN

In the middle street of my city,
In the broad street, men walk uprightly.
Their shoulders are thrown back,
Their bodies bulge smoothly frontward
Making room for the little god
That lives in all men's middles
To show the way to the broad streets
And the cleared spaces.

But in my street,
Where my home is and my children play;
Where the blades sprung from dropped dung
Of the drayman's horses
And the house sparrows contending
For grains between the feet of the dray horses
Make a wild park for pleasure,
In that street all men go stooping,
As if a heavy hand pressed
Forever between their shoulders.
I, too, am bent over.

I remember I was young once
And thought I should always walk the broad streets
With my shoulders back.
But now the little god in me, pinched with my stooping,
Has forgotten his way about.
Think not that I have succumbed to any weakness.
I have gone down before the pressure,
Never to be outrun nor cast off,
The pressure of a heavy hand between my shoulders,
The Hand of Want.

Books

President Johnson

Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot. By Robert W. Winston. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

THE propaganda of partisan hatred may poison the public toward a statesman for a long time but ultimately unbiased history, unafraid of the truth, determines the final popular estimate. For sixty years the American people have been kept in ignorance of the character and invaluable public services of Andrew Johnson. He has been pictured as a drunkard when he was nothing of the sort; as a sour and ignorant person, permitting personal ambitions to interfere with the patriotic reconstruction plans of noble people, when he was fighting the battle of constitutional liberty against them. Slowly the truth comes dripping through. The fact that the Supreme Court has vindicated him on most of the contentions which made him anathema to the hypocrites and corruptionists who sought his impeachment and crucifixion has made an impression. Ultimately history will have to record that no President in our history thus far fought so gallant a battle for civil and constitutional liberty.

At length we have a full-length and intensely interesting and illuminating biography of Andrew Johnson. Judge Winston spent many years in scholarly research at his task. Out of the pages of his book steps a new Andrew Johnson who happens to be the only Andrew Johnson; and the rehabilitation of the reputation of a courageous and effective champion of popular rights and civil liberty has begun. It will soon become too absurd to praise Lincoln's policies and in the same breath damn Johnson, who risked his official head in fighting to put them into operation. Even history has a sense of humor.

Judge Winston, a North Carolinian, has written with marked restraint, and wisely enough perhaps has refrained from editorial comments on the character and motives of Johnson's enemies, who were given a halo in the wretched days of the "bloody shirt" which has not yet faded out.

In treating of the bitter struggle between Lincoln's death and the inauguration of Grant the author has given us a stirring story. It was a period of revolution, and this revolution had its Terror. It was also a period of corruption in which not a few of our national "heroes" played a conspicuous part. The monstrous injustice of the fight upon Johnson sometimes aroused the elemental wrath of a strong man who had a keen sense of justice and despised a lie; and his occasional denunciations of his enemies greatly saddened Mr. Rhodes. Anyone familiar with the whole story is more impressed with Johnson's amazing restraint and patience. Judge Winston's explanation of the Jeremiah S. Black episode during the impeachment trial illustrates the point.

There was a side to Andrew Johnson which has been written down or ignored by most of the historians, and the author indicates it in his subtitle: "Plebeian." Johnson was one of the most courageous and consistent democrats in our history—using the word in the large and not the party sense. He was a Jeffersonian with Jacksonian courage, while lacking the trained mentality of the one and the cleverness of the other. There was not much science in Andrew Johnson's fighting methods. In the language of the ring he was a "slugger." He fought to hurt, not to escape being hurt; and the result was that he was often hurt, and had he been of a different temperament he might have saved himself much embarrassment. It is impossible to study the press attacks upon him in his time, and to note the attitude of the privilege-seekers in the business and financial world, without suspecting that his attitude toward social justice and privilege had more to do with the hatred of the powers of pillage than his Reconstruction policy. He foresaw and warned against the domination of a plutocracy such as we have today. That, more than anything else, was his unpardonable sin.

No one did more to open the Western lands to home-makers, and he fought through many years for his homestead law. He fought the putting of convict labor into competition with free labor. He championed the cause of the mechanics at a time when they were considered beneath the notice of dignified statesmen. Perhaps there was a suggestion of the inferiority complex in his frequent references in speeches to his lowly origin; but he never forgot the side of the barracks on which he was born. He was an enemy of intolerance in religion when it was dangerous to speak out; and he spoke out when it was necessary to have his pistol ready. His fight against Know-Nothingism in Tennessee was one of the most gallant and courageous in American history. His contempt for corruption was proverbial; and that was unfashionable in his day. Perhaps in our own. His polite refusal to accept a carriage and a superb span of horses from New York donors after he became President illustrates his fine sense of the proprieties; a sense much too fine for the appreciation of many of the better educated and more fashionable of his generation. The same present was later offered to President Grant—and he took it.

The drama of the four years in the Presidency is entertainingly done by Judge Winston; and he has done an excellent job of portrait painting too. Instead of being a crude, uncouth, rustic type as is popularly supposed, Johnson is here shown to have been a gentleman of impressive dignity, impeccable in his dress, and courtly in his manner.

The author has covered himself on all controversial points with ample citations of authority. He has written honestly,

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with fidelity to the truth, at times dramatically, and always entertainingly, and has given us for the first time the Johnson of reality to displace the dishonest caricatures born of the vilification of cheap and crooked politicians who were unworthy to black his boots.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Brilliant Bread

The Road to Heaven. By Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"THE Road to Heaven" is the story of Lamon Coe, the good American, vital, rustic, and twenty-nine, "a clay of undisturbed talents." His lean, attractive body perched on the high seat of a department-store truck, the glorious provincial makes a casual descent upon New York, the New York of Fifth Avenue and Broadway. There he stays with his rich cousin Abner, anemic, generous, the consummate literary ironist, the effete but great-hearted metropolitan who has "lost the fine art of taking himself seriously." Between Lamon, the sterling pioneer, and Abner, in whom the original pioneer virtues have degenerated into a corrosive intellectuality, is a deep and unspoken love. Lamon drifts without embarrassment into the rapids of artificial upper-class New York society. His Leatherstocking temperament calmly shoulders aside the host of unreal, gabbling figures and reaches out after its fit mate. Frankie de Lima, certainly one of the most lovable courtesans ever described in fiction, is healthy, generous, gay, and sensual, the good female American as Lamon is the good male. For a time their liaison is splendid enough to make Lamon forget the Middle Western farm for which his homesick soul is longing; and it is strong enough to defy the impotent jealousy of Lamon's other foil, the rich Costello Ryan, Park Avenue's spoiled darling. There is a complication of colorful, sophisticated, and amusing incident—and the *Graphic* denouement. It all happens at once: Abner, Lamon's benefactor, dies of pernicious anemia. The petulant Costello goes berserk and sets fire to Frankie, that lovely lady. Then he cuts his own throat. Lamon, deprived of the two people he loves best, is about to crumble away himself when the sweet country girl who has been held in reserve for some time steps forward and holds out her wholesome arms. Gently she leads him back along "the road to heaven," back to the farm. Man Friday has come to London, has thought little of it, and has returned to Benamuckee and the simple life.

To say that Thomas Beer has manufactured an almost fantastically brilliant novel out of this movie plot is merely another way of affirming that he is the best writer ever developed by the sagacious editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Examine the thematic basis of the story: battle, murder, and sudden death; the country boy comes to the city and goes to the top; he knows in his honest, shrewd heart that it is all vanity and that the good things are waiting for him on the broad prairie; his adventure with a prostitute proves that she is a fine woman and he a fine man but that good old homespun Bess is really the end of every man's desire; the country boy and the over-civilized city boy are brothers under their skin. The tale gains all its undeniable power from its splendid sentimentality, its romantic confrontation of the unspoiled West with the decaying East. Perhaps this way of putting it is really unfair to the author; for his effects are achieved with the utmost subtlety. He even contrives, with slightly unconvincing ingeniousness, to link all his city people by a close chain of relationships in order to give the impression that any given stratum of the great metropolis is essentially provincial after all. And these city people themselves—such as the great Boscommon—are all derivative. They cry, often subconsciously, for the purity of the farm, the wonderful peace found along the road to heaven. It is great stuff—great *Saturday Evening Post* stuff. It is the first sophisticated apotheosis of the homely virtues in American literature.

But who would be so ruthless as to analyze this novel, which, though its basis is melodrama and its attractive power a function of sentimentality, is, nevertheless, so brilliantly written, so charmingly composed, so adept in understatement, so rich in irony and wit that any reasonably good-natured reader is forced to accord it the accolade of unqualified admiration? Here is hokum polished to almost unbearable radiance. It is not merely the best book Thomas Beer has given us; it makes the other "sophisticated" writers look feeble. Huxley, Gerhardi—any one of them would have taken 600 pages to produce the effects which are conveyed in Mr. Beer's sparse and economical 250. He has that wonderful secret—again a result of his training—of introducing half a dozen eccentric characters without thereby hardening the sentimental and idyllic note which is the *sine qua non*. He has that perfect irony which is devoid of abrasiveness. There is a catch in the throat behind every epigram, gold back of every glitter.

Possibly only one technical defect is discoverable in the entire volume. Mr. Beer's instinct for the theatrical is just a trifle hypertrophied. His people do not, in a sense, so much talk as have "lines." Every minor character, sharply, cleverly etched, is, in stage parlance, "a good bit." Mr. Beer works almost as if he had but three short acts to tell a fairly complex story in. The novel has too much "pace." His individual figures, delightful as they are, are done with a trim competency so perfect that they almost click. There can be too much precision; his prose hits the bull's eye too regularly. We begin to long vaguely for a Lucretian swerve which will allow room for an occasional error and the comfort of one or two fumbles.

Perhaps, after all, this is not a defect and it is ungracious to label it as such. The only decent thing to do is to be grateful for the beautiful skill which can put on so good a show as "The Road to Heaven." The *Saturday Evening Post* has been attacked violently by the serious-minded gentlemen who write for the liberal weeklies. A perusal of Mr. Beer's book should induce them to temper their scorn. Any literary tradition which can boast so clever a product is entitled to at least one hearty Rotarian cheer.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

With Pepper and Salt

Power Control. By H. S. Raushenbush and Harry W. Laidler. New Republic, Inc. $1.

IF one of the suave ventriloquists of the National Electric Light Association speaks in your town—at the annual banquet, or the monthly meeting, or the weekly luncheon—it would be well to have a few readers of "Power Control" in the audience. It would be even better to have at least one public-spirited person present with a copy of this little volume in his pocket. The speaker is likely to inform you that, despite the well-advertised success of Ontario's Electric Power Commission, it is strange that Mr. W. S. Murray, "an eminent engineer," found that street lighting under private ownership in Buffalo cost 60 cents per capita and under public ownership in Toronto cost 67 cents per capita!

At this point someone should be able to rise in the audience and, quoting from page 30 of "Power Control," ask if Sir Adam Beck of the Ontario Commission did not demolish Mr. Murray's figures by pointing out that only about *one-half* the street lights in Buffalo were electric, whereas *all* the street lights in Toronto were electric? "Is it not true," the interrupter should continue, "that if Mr. Murray had used the proper figures he would have found that the total cost of street lighting per capita in Buffalo was $1.15 and not 60 cents, or in other words, that Buffalo private lighting cost, not 6 cents *less* per capita, but 48 cents *more* than Toronto public lighting?"

This pocket-size book of 298 pages, crammed full of significant facts concerning the electric-power industry, is an effective antidote to the poison which is being administered diligently to the American people, through newspaper and magazine articles, paid advertisements and free speeches, by representatives of

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our privately owned public utilities. If a million copies could be distributed and read, the poisonous effects of $28,000,000 worth of advertising and "18,000 talks before civic bodies," sponsored by the National Electric Light Association in one year, might be nullified. If only 100,000 copies could be read by people who think and talk their own ideas, a great good would be accomplished.

There is an unusual pleasure in store for those who suppress a longing for detective stories and take up "Power Control" for the "serious reading" of the month instead of the latest, most depressing realistic novel or the latest, most superficial "outline" of scientific information. Here is a sprightly, vivacious treatment of a serious subject. The authors have skilfully combined education and entertainment.

It is not to be expected that the members of the Sinclair jury, who only read the sporting pages and the comic strips, will consume the product of Raushenbush and Laidler. But there is comfort in realizing also that these jurors will not read the power-trust advertisements or hear any of the 18,000 canned speeches. Also they will be deaf to editorial pleadings that we have less government in industry and more industries perverting government. The combatant groups struggling to possess the public mind will continue to be composed of those who want more people to make more profits for a few people and those who want more people to make more profits for themselves. The active groups, which are not very large, will continue to manufacture ideas for the use of the millions who habitually accept comfortable, easy ideas and reject disturbing, difficult ones.

Thus it is a most hopeful sign when idealists begin to produce a cheerful, sparkling, entertaining literature of protest. The powers-that-be may well worry if the glum realists and dour statisticians retire from the stage, and if the jesters, the cartoonists, and the amusing acrobats take their place as critics of the world-that-is. "Power Control" is full of facts and wisdom, and—praise be!—it is also full of wit and laughter.

DONALD R. RICHBERG

The Supremacy of Peter

The See of Peter. By James T. Shotwell and Louise Ropes Loomis. Columbia University Press. $10.

THE Roman Catholic church is the one surviving institution that modern society has inherited from Roman imperial times. As the political authority of Rome and of its emperors declined in the third and fourth centuries, a new ecclesiastical dominion and a new princely figure in the person of the bishop of Rome arose to power in Western Europe. In an age when that sharp distinction between church and state which characterizes modern thinking was unknown, the papacy attained its prominence and ultimately claimed supremacy over all secular authorities. It imagined itself to be an establishment of heaven, just as in ancient times monarchs also were assumed to be representatives of the gods. Nowadays many people are skeptical about the divine right of kings or other political potentates, but no subject of the pope, even in this twentieth century, may with impunity question the divine authority of the papal sovereign, the successor of Peter, who is believed to have been appointed to this high office by Christ Himself. Professors Shotwell and Loomis attempt to exhibit in their book all pertinent passages from ancient literature bearing upon the rise and growth of the doctrine of Petrine supremacy down to the year 384.

The making of this type of volume involved some very delicate problems in selection, arrangement, and interpretation. A historical source-book, however important its subject matter, rarely proves to be delightful reading. By prefixing explanatory paragraphs to their selections the present compilers have endeavored to weave their excerpts into a continuous story, but even their best efforts produce only a patchwork quilt, more or less regular in its design. In fact, they have pieced two quilts out of the materials at their disposal. In Book I they have assembled all passages referring to Peter's connection with the Roman episcopate, and in Book II, traversing once more the same period and resorting to the same general fund of documents, they trace the first four centuries in the history of the Roman bishopric. But one who may not wish to use the selections according to the grouping followed by the compilers may, with the assistance of the ample Index that is provided, make his own grouping. The volume is essentially a tool for the student working in the library or the classroom, and, as such, it certainly merits wide appreciation. The patience and scholarship exhibited in its production are most reassuring, although it seems unfortunate that the archaeological data have been so little used. Then, too, for an adequate understanding of the present papal institution one needs a much longer survey. While it is true that the doctrine of Petrine primacy was established by the end of the fourth century—even by the end of the second, in fact—some of the most significant developments in papal history, without which the real significance of the "See of Peter" cannot be appreciated, belong to later times when men of the stamp of Leo I, Gregory the Great, and Hildebrand sat upon the papal throne.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

Our Burden

The White Man's Dilemma. By Nathaniel Peffer. The John Day Company. $3.

IT is idle for white nations, or their governments, to talk peace and internationalism without confronting the problem of their relations with the colored populations of the backward countries upon which they have fastened their political and commercial controls. Mr. Peffer restates this many-sided problem with all its implications in a work which should command close attention from all serious students of politics. His own study is based not only on a complete mastery of the history of modern imperialism but on long personal experience in China and other backward lands. I have read no book so vital in its interpretation of this most determinant issue.

With the actual process by which a group of Western peoples have absorbed virtually the whole of Asia and Africa, as colonies, protectorates, mandates, or dependencies, intelligent observers are fairly familiar. The driving force has been mainly economic: the need to control sources of raw materials, markets for export surpluses, and areas of lucrative investments where rich natural resources can be worked for white men's profits in the abundant and submissive supplies of cheap native labor. Since governments must furnish the diplomatic and armed pressures required in the early stages of the process, and must eventually assume imperial control, the naked economic motive is qualified and camouflaged by political and humanitarian adjuncts. Mr. Peffer describes in brief incisive language the injection of these civilizing forces into primitive or backward countries, and the disturbing effects they produce upon the old established ways of living. He gives full credit to the improvements in health, sanitation, security of life, transport, and other elements of material well-being which the better forms of imperialism have effected in such countries as Egypt, India, the Philippines. But the real novelty and importance of Mr. Peffer's treatment consists in his presentation of the dilemma which is only just emerging in its full significance.

Western civilization rests on the industrial system. The working of this system demands increasing quantities of raw materials, which can only be got by bringing some "inducement, stimulus, or pressure" to bear upon backward peoples in countries where these hidden treasures lie. "Without coal, oil, iron, copper, tin, platinum, antimony, manganese, rubber, copra, cotton, silk, nitrates, indigo, potash, plant derivatives, and the

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innumerable other materials that enter into its intricate processes, modern industry could not exist." In order to regularize the quantity of such supplies firm government is necessary. Mr. Peffer works out the simple moral in the case of America, showing how in recent years the latent imperialism of the Monroe Doctrine has been developed in the Caribbean policy, and how it has been superseded by more conventional forms of expansion in the Pacific. But it is to China that he turns for his fullest presentation of the dilemma. Imperialism signifies, from the standpoint of the imperial Powers, an ever-growing economic dependence upon the material and human resources of the subject countries. To obtain these resources they must penetrate these backward populations with Western rule and Western ways of life and thought. Among these civilizing influences are the ideas of materialism, democracy, Christianity. But each of these is a ferment and an agent of discontent among the natives. Education, foreign travel, the erection of white men's cities, with all their physical and moral accessories, break up the early native acquiescence in white contacts. Certain recent events, in particular the defeat of Russia by Japan and the post-war concessions to Turkey by the Allied Powers, have contributed to impair white prestige in Asia. In fact the World War itself, carried as it was into the most distant corners of the earth, was a huge show-up of Western civilization in its intellectual and moral claims. To the keen Asiatic, as even to the groping African mind, the lesson was brought home that force alone counted in dealing with foreigners.

Perhaps the most valuable chapters in this book are those dealing with the moral and emotional irritants of imperialism, the social boycotts, the personal humilities, the open insolence toward natives, irrespective of their educational or other status, practiced by white residents in these countries. These are the "seeds of hatred" in China and India which are responsible for recent outbreaks of violence. This ferment will not cease; it will grow more intensive and more extensive. Concessions, such as are made recently to Chinese and Indian popular demands, only make matters worse. For these concessions come too late, and, coming in answer to boycotts and sporadic violence, are taken as a clear admission that force only pays.

What is to be done? Small countries may be permanently policed and kept down by white Powers. This is not possible in India or China without a waste of human and financial resources that would be intolerable. Must we, then, take our losses and get out? Mr. Peffer thinks this would be best and cheapest in the long run. But we have so committed ourselves economically and morally that a policy of scuttle, however disguised by fine phrasing, is hardly feasible. At any rate it could not come so long as powerful vested interests of finance and commerce are able to mold the national policy of their governments as they have done in the past. J. A. Hobson

Setbacks and Style

Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers. By Frances Newman. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

I THINK that the aspiring hostess who wishes to know the proper Parisian shops in which to buy towels to hang in her bathrooms, and who wishes to ornament her table with a dazzling array of pieces of silver and with the requisite number and variety of wine glasses, will get from this book a satisfaction almost equal to the difficulties she will encounter in picking the locks of each of the cunningly contrived little puzzles that are its sentences.

I think that all those readers who like to watch a stage on which the leading characters are wealthy and beautiful and sophisticated, and who like to watch these characters getting into yellow chiffon frocks and periwinkle blue frocks and golden yellow frocks and coral colored frocks, and into cyclamen négligés to be worn in yacht cabins done in chintz and early maple, and into the "négligé like a Maréchal Niel rose" to be worn in a Duncan Phyfe cabin, and who like to watch a beautiful woman covering "every inch of her beautifully tended body with a delicately pink and delicately lilac powder," and who like to watch her stop on the way to the bridal bed in the car "which the Southeastern Railway's most important vice-president had lent to one of the Southeastern Railway's most important counsels," "to open a little box with a square lilac label, and to take out a little six-cornered glass bottle, and to lay the white lilac-perfumed point of its long glass stopper on her lips and her cheeks and her hair, and to slip it along her arms to the fingers that were beginning to quiver with a caressing pain, and then, to slip it down every inch of the beautifully tended body that was going back to Charlton Cunningham's side," will derive a thrill from perusing these pages that, in spite of their erudition and their obscurity and their dependent clauses, is not unlike the thrill to be derived from Michael Arlen and the better of the better magazine sex stories, but that is not remotely to be compared with the thrill that is to be derived from reading the book which Anatole France wrote at the suggestion of Mme Caillavet and which is to be found listed in a catalogue of his works between the titles that begin with Q and the titles that begin with S.

I think that any woman who was so beautiful that she made Mrs. Charlton Cunningham "remember the evening when she had looked at a beautifully historic profile against the tapestries of a long dining-room in the Palazza del Drago," and who made Mrs. Charlton Cunningham remember "that even a chartreuse which was almost as historic as the profile, and even the admiration of a Borghese, had not kept her from remembering her own delicately concave profile with dissatisfaction while she went on looking at the princess's head against the crimson brocade of a drawing-room," and who could agree so wittily and learnedly with an inquiring young man in the library "that Jehovah and Adam and Eve should not be portrayed with a round scar which the inquiring young man had called an omphalos," and who could surprise the young man by adding that neither should "the Helen and the Clytemnestra and the Castor and the Pollux whom Leonardo da Vinci portrayed at the moment when Leda was looking down at the four babies who had just left two unusually large swan's eggs lying broken at her white feet. . . ." I think that so beautiful and so learned and so witty and so tolerant a lady doubtless deserved to be one of the contributing causes which made "the victorious crape veil" which Evelyn Cunningham dropped over the memory of her husband not so victorious as it seemed.

But although Charlton Cunningham may have looked like "a very American grandson of the most beautiful youth Michelangelo Buonarotti found to paint on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel," and although he may have lifted his right shoulder against the background of his Georgian bookcase as no other man outside of Vienna could lift it, I do not think that his remark that the labor leaders always talk as if Columbia herself would come down from the dome of the capitol to direct the railroads," or his habit of pronouncing words with beautifully separate syllables, wholly justified Isabel Ramsay in her opinion that he "said things which she thought even a Viennese dramatist might have been glad to borrow for a comedy of manners."

Charlton Cunningham seems to me like a young girl's not particularly individualized wish-fulfilment husband. His wealth and his friends' wealth and Isabel's learning seem to me like the silks and satins and golden crowns with which children play at making kings and queens. And the long and luscious and identically repeated descriptions in which beautifully tended bodies are made ready for a rite which is left to the imagination, seem to me like an Anglo-Saxon dream of a hot African heaven. But whether they seem these things to Miss Newman I do not know.

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She has a marked satiric gift. She has an eye for color and an eye for social niceties and an eye for social slips. Her mind is richly stored with comparisons, and she enjoys shocking people who are rather easily shocked. But this book does not demonstrate, any more than "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" demonstrated, that she knows the difference between a novel and a bag of parlor tricks. And although the regulations of the New York building code in regard to setbacks are responsible for a new school of architecture, it does not demonstrate that the repetition of a once good joke can make a distinguished literary style. ALICE BEAL PARSONS

From Cleveland to Roosevelt

Adventures in American Diplomacy, 1896-1906. By Alfred I. P. Dennis. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

IT was in the decade that followed the World's Fair that the United States reentered the stage of world politics. The early Presidents were acutely aware of European problems, as, indeed, the executives of a little Atlantic-coast republic had to be. But the nineteenth century for the United States was an era of relatively isolated self-development. In 1895 Grover Cleveland and Richard Olney startled the world with a new and threatening definition of the Monroe Doctrine. The Spanish War followed, and the active minds of John Hay and Theodore Roosevelt set to work to clear up the affairs of the world. We annexed Hawaii and took Samoa and the Philippines; created the republics of Cuba and Panama; dug a revolutionary canal; sponsored the Open Door for China; participated in the Hague Peace Conferences, the Boxer punitive expedition to Peking, and the Algeciras Conference which tried to solve the Moroccan puzzle; chaperoned the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference; and told Russia and Rumania how to treat the Jews.

Those were exciting and adventurous years, and Mr. Dennis has had access to Roosevelt, Hay, Olney, and State Department papers hitherto private, and has thrown new light on old documents by study of the post-revolutionary publications of the German government. Some of the results are new to historians, and many to the lay public. Cleveland, as much as Olney, must bear responsibility for the absurd our-will-is-fiat ultimatum to Great Britain. His massive mind had already pondered deeply and reached its conclusions regarding the jungle boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela. Secretary Root was the author of the Platt Amendment for Cuba. Hay's open-door doctrine for China was really of British inspiration, though our Mr. Rockhill gave it its verbal form. Our government's sympathetic neutrality while Britain was crushing the Boers was the price paid for British support to the United States elsewhere. Roosevelt at one time was ready to go to war with Russia in alliance with Japan, and thought public opinion would support him. Mr. Dennis finds no evidence to support William Roscoe Thayer's emotional charge of a "German conspiracy" against the United States in the early years of the century. Indeed, Roosevelt, who constantly shifted ground, once told the German Ambassador that he did not think much of the English statesmen, and that the only man in Europe whom he understood and who understood him was the German Kaiser.

John Hay emerges from this culling of the documents as a lovable, nervous human figure. Like his incomparable understudy, Alvey A. Adee, he had that English bias which, almost universal among American "aristocrats," has become typical of State Department officials. He knew and liked and understood the British. Mr. Dennis, after thorough searching, finds no evidence of the "secret treaty" which some continental writers, and Roland G. Usher, have assumed, but the British had in Mr. Hay and Mr. Adee an instinctive sympathy worth a dozen bottles of treaty ink. Roosevelt appears as brilliant and impulsive, most of the time his own dangerous Secretary of State. Mr. Dennis absolves Roosevelt from responsibility for the Panama Revolution; another interpreter might read a different meaning into the same facts. If Roosevelt had been served by more competent diplomatic agents, Mr. Dennis thinks, his inspirations might sometimes have been wiser; but men like Charlemagne Tower in Germany and McCormick in Russia left him at critical moments as abysmally ignorant of what was going on about them as they were themselves.

These are rich pickings, an important contribution to understanding of a pregnant decade. Mr. Dennis disarms the critic by his own confession that he has confined himself to the documents and left for others study of the reflection of the policies of diplomats in the press and in public debate. His scrupulous effort at Olympian impartiality is apparent on every page, but he slips at least once in accepting the old legend that Haiti had defaulted on her foreign debt before the United States intervened. He might well have included, too, some mention of Mr. Hay's mild effort to obtain for the United States a coaling-station on the coast of Fukien, a gentle step toward imitation of the general scramble to divide China. Occasionally he writes too particularly for the historian, but his revelation of the epistolary indiscretions of Roosevelt and Hay will make every reader look eagerly for his coming Life of John Hay.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Van Gogh Again

Vincent Van Gogh. By J. Meier-Graefe. Translated by J. H. Reece. Payson and Clarke. $3.

JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE'S "Van Gogh" is, of course, not an appreciation but a novel. The author writes: "This is the story of a man who lived from the year 1853 to the year 1890. . . . His name was Vincent van Gogh and he was what you call an artist, a description that may mean anything. In this case it means a drama, a queer, eventful history full of strange happenings. . . . The charm of our story, like that of any other, depends on its presentation."

With this in view one can speak nothing but praise of the book. The plot is clear, the character sharply drawn, the style concise if a little feverish, the elements of pathos, humor, and achievement cleverly mixed. Moreover, it has the flavor of reality, for the fictional character is not unlike the real one. He is an intense idealist, unable to understand that truth and his ideas are not necessary synonyms. He is attractively modest in particulars and proud in general. He is affectionate, generous, and slightly sentimental. He is uncouth, erratic, and bad tempered. In short, an artist, par excellence, as that type is imagined.

Yet to those who have read Van Gogh's letters Meier-Graefe's book will seem, I think, to dwell a bit too much on the sensational. Perhaps one of the strongest convictions one gets from the letters is of Van Gogh's fundamental normality. Now that we know him mad it is easy to read excitement in every action. But in reading his letters it is hard to mark the place where he differs from other earnest people. Certainly not in wanting to form a community, or in seeing God in art. Nor even in bad manners. To quote the author, Dr. Gachet said Cézanne himself could easily have been certified. What seems to have differentiated Van Gogh was an exceptional inability to localize his ideas. For instance, he knew that others disliked him, he wished them to feel otherwise, but he was unable to decide upon the particular causes for their dislike and to take the particular measures necessary to remove it.

Of course, one should not complain about what one has because of what one has not. If Meier-Graefe's sympathy is not refined it is generous, so that what one loses in delicacy one recovers in enthusiasm. And, because of this, and because of his ability as a writer, it is hardly doubtful that his character will become the traditional one. WALTER GUTMAN

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Indian Painting

Studies in Indian Painting. By Nanalal Chamanlal Mehta. Bombay: D. B. Taraporevala Sons and Company. Rs. 56.

The Life of Buddha on the Stūpa of Barabudur, According to the Lalitavistara-Text. Edited by N. J. Krom. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 17s. 6d.

MR. MEHTA'S collection of scattered studies in the painting of India deals with subject matter ranging from the seventh-century frescoes of Sittanavasal in southern India to eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century miniatures from Jaipur in Rajputana and Tehri-Garhwal in the Himalayas. Yet through the book, as through Indian painting itself, there is a unity; and he who reads it will find at the end that in an eclectic, informal, but effective fashion he has been both entertained and instructed in most of the important phases of this great subject.

For us in the West the greatest value of the book lies first in the splendid colored reproductions and second in the interpretation, which is competent, aesthetically and historically, sober, and vividly written. Those few who are intense students of the history of Indian painting will also welcome the publication of a few new miniatures by celebrated painters and the account of the long illustrated Vasanta Vilasa scroll providing us with secular examples of the "Gujarati" school that we had previously known only in Jaina manuscripts. Mr. Mehta has contributed to the science of his subject as well as to its interpretation.

The artistic quality of Mr. Mehta's illustrations is always high. The frescoes of Sittanavasal, with the minimum of line and color, produce results of the first order; the miniature of the Village Beauty, separated from the frescoes by a period of twelve hundred years, coming from another part of India, done with many colors and elaborate drawing, with landscape and architectural setting, is no less beautiful. The Deccani study of an elephant is one of the finest representations of that animal I have ever seen even in India—and no one has more feeling for the elephant and the cow than does a Hindu. There are striking portraits from the Jaipur school; admirably conceived and executed mythological scenes; a splendid pair of bullocks drawing a cart; an unusually effective study of contrasting types in A Pious Conclave; and many others that would bear mention. The publishers have been most generous in reproducing in color, making great effort to hit off the tones of the original, and accomplishing a great deal. If some of the pictures that are reproduced only in half-tone, such as Flirtation, Baba Maluka Das and His Nephew Rama Snehi, and others, had also been done in color they might have been as impressive as those that are.

Mr. Mehta's book must be accorded a place as a valuable adjunct to the historical surveys of Indian painting, by its easy manner of treatment adding life to accounts that are more constrained by academic formality.

From very early days in the history of their faith Buddhists have erected *stūpas* (memorial mounds) over sacred relics or in honor of some great event, and the veneration of these objects has often expressed itself by enriching them with edifying sculpture. The best known of these is the Great Stūpa at Sanchi in Central India, but the most elaborately conceived and constructed and the most profusely decorated with reliefs was erected at Barabudur in Java during the eighth and ninth centuries of our era, roughly a thousand years after Sanchi. Its countless sculptures have been found to illustrate a number of texts of the Mahayana division of Buddhism. Some years ago the Dutch government had this stūpa restored and in 1920 had published by Professor Krom and Major Van Erp a handsome descriptive work embodying their long and scholarly labors, consisting of one volume of text in about 800 pages and two large portfolios of 442 plates in collotype. It was at once apparent that this highly important work would be more valuable to the world if the text were reproduced in an English translation, and this is being done. In the meantime it seemed worth while to publish separately the 130-page chapter dealing with the most important narrative illustrated by the sculptures, the life of the Buddha, which is carved in 120 consecutive scenes following the account in the Lalitavistara, the standard Mahayanist life of the Master.

The high quality of the sculptures at Barabudur cannot be questioned, although the reproductions in this small volume do not reveal that fact so clearly as do those in the original work. They give the Buddha story in stone, as far as the Lalitavistara carries it, with a degree of reverence and artistic effectiveness that must forever impress it upon the minds of those who study the text and the reliefs together.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Kit Carson and Sam Houston

Kit Carson. By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Sam Houston, Colossus in Buckskin. By George Creel. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $3.

THE first and for three-quarters of a century the only valuable book dealing with the Mountain Men of Western America was George Frederick Ruxton's "Life in the Far West," followed immediately by his "Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains." Ruxton was an English gentleman, an observant adventurer, and a gallant writer. His books are classics of their kind. After them appeared in 1925 the life of "Old Gabe" (James Bridger) by J. Cecil Alter. Now Stanley Vestal (Walter Stanley Campbell) has added "Kit Carson: The Happy Warrior of the Old West."

Like Ruxton, Stanley Vestal—as Rhodes scholar—studied the classics in England. Like Ruxton also, he went among the Indians of the West, now vastly changed from what they were when Ruxton and Carson dashed among them, yet with a wealth of memories harking back to those days. Kit Carson dueled for an Arapaho girl, then in Indian fashion married her. After she died he took a Cheyenne woman. As Indian agent he came to be known to the Utes and other tribesmen as "Father Kit." In setting about to write a biography of the largest natured, the most picturesque, and the most historically important individual among all the Mountain Men, Stanley Vestal thought it worth while not only to examine like a scholar all that had been written on his subject but to get in a human way the Indian side of the matter.

The result is a book of balance, perspective, and authority, free from both heroical cant and "bad man" parading. "It is more profitable to understand than to condemn," says Mr. Vestal, and when we are through with "Kit Carson" we understand not only Kit's toleration for "Pass whiskey," his indulgence in horse raiding, and his great proficiency in the art of scalping, but also his rare sense of justice, his fidelity and modesty, his endurance, his way of going about the prosaic business of butchering buffalo—and the etymology of "plew." The book is a happy blend of facts, out of which arises true romance, and of enlightened interpretation. The style is at once succinct and poetic.

Mr. Creel's is neither such a careful book, though documents are quoted often and at length, nor such a readable book. Yet it is above the level of syndicate biography. In Texas there are more anecdotes about Sam Houston than there are about Zeb Vance in the Carolinas. When young Sam first went out to live with the Indians he said that he had rather measure deer tracks than tape. When years later he once at a polite dinner took a spoonful of rice pudding too hot for his mouth, he spit it out into his plate, adding, "Many a damn fool would have swallowed that." When as president of the

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Republic of Texas he was called upon to settle a county feud, he growled back: "Fight it out among yourselves and be damned to you." Only one of these anecdotes does Mr. Creel tell, and, somehow, he fails to realize the burly, theatrical, downright, immensely individualistic Houston. He does, however, realize the Houston that was master of men and of destiny.

No better proof of the lack of designing collusion between Jackson and Houston to acquire new slave territory has been written. The charge of such collusion has somehow survived. The account of Houston's opposition to secession rises to the dignity of tragedy. Sam Houston *was* a Colossus in buckskin, but the Chares to make him bestride the prairies of Texas and prefigure a buckskinned world has not yet chiseled.

J. FRANK DOBIE

Fiction Shorts

The Hotel. By Elizabeth Bowen. The Dial Press. $2.50.

An unusual book about a group of English people on the Italian Riviera, sketched in a fragmentary and pointed manner. The conversations are pungent and always interesting in themselves, but they fail to build up the characters who remain vague and poorly realized. The book leaves one unsatisfied, with the feeling that an honest and clever style has been wasted on too slight material.

She Walks in Beauty. By Dawn Powell. Brentano's. $2.50.

Here again we have youth in a small Ohio town portrayed in a meticulous and sympathetic fashion. As the blurb proudly intimates, it is a photographic picture of Middle Western life on the order of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson, with an added dash of womanly sentimentality. In spite of the genuine insight into small-town types, the story as a whole has just been "set down," not created; it has neither point, integration, nor form.

In the Beginning. By Norman Douglas. The John Day Company. $2.50.

Mr. Douglas breaks his long silence with a languid sigh which should never have escaped his lips. This wearily playful satiric allegory with its pseudo-pagan tin gods and goddesses and mildly Gallic indelicacies should not have been printed. For the author of "South Wind" this is indeed a strange interlude. One hopes, at least, that it is but an interlude.

The Withered Root. By Rhys Davies. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

A first novel dealing with the religious experience of a young Welsh evangelist and his final tragic capitulation before the spectacle of religious hypocrisy and the call of his own starved sensuality. Mr. Davies has spoiled an occasionally very powerful tale by his sentimental handling of passion and the gratuitous death of his hero. The most interesting element in the novel for Americans is the depiction of the strange religious frenzy which appears ingrained in the Welsh character, a frenzy which has in it a dominant quality of cruelty and lust. Mr. Davies handles this material very effectively.

Armed with Madness. By Mary Butts. A. and C. Boni. $2.

A slightly mad, elliptic novelette dealing with the mutual impacts of a set of young post-war English people who are sophisticated almost to the point of frenzy. Mary Butts is clearly a talented and almost blindingly clever writer. As in her previous novel, "Ashe of Rings," she continues to blunt the edges of her perceptions with a foolish and unconvincing fable dealing with magic rings, superstitions, amulets, and other paraphernalia impossible to stomach. There is something perverse in this medieval mumbo-jumbo. Miss Butts appears to have committed a cardinal sin: that of including material in a work of art merely because that material happens to interest her.

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Kai Lung Unrolls His Mat. By Ernest Bramah. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The third instalment of the inimitable tales of a Chinese Chaucer. Is it possible, as the rumor runs, that there are those who have no relish for these sly Oriental suavities, these delicate evasions of language, this restrained Gongorism carried to the point of fine art? If such there be, there is no use telling them that this latest volume is more subtly humorous than even its masterly predecessors.

The Eternal Moment. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Six fantastic short stories all written previous to 1914. They represent Mr. Forster in an early mood of rather self-conscious Pan-and-Puckism and are remarkable only for the beautiful clarity of their style. The first tale, a Wellsian fantasy of the machine age, is a neat bit of inventiveness spoiled at the end by a vanilla humanism which Mr. Forster has happily outgrown.

The Key of Life. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This sentimental love story sounds as if it were composed on the author's day off. There is a young English girl who combines an oppressive moral purity with a disturbing "eagerness for life"; an irritating youthful archaeologist who talks as no scientist ever did; and a strong, strong Dutch-Englishman, full of silent sex and a maddening capacity for being equal to every emergency. The best thing in the book is the local color—the modern Thebes of the excavations—which is so neatly handled as to make one sigh for the Brett Young of years ago who knew his Conrad and was frank about his limitations.

The Torches Flare. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A loose but very gracefully drawn picture of the better side of Greenwich Village, with an equally skilful portrait of an old Southern household: the two badly set within a framework of unconvincing plot. The story is notable for its able solution of a stock difficulty: it is told in the first person, the narrator plays an important role, and yet he manages to depict himself as neither a prig nor a fool. "The Torches Flare" has a certain quiet beauty and a gentle wit that is extremely rare: it should not pass unnoticed. C. P. F.

Books in Brief

The Petty Papers. Some Unpublished Writings of Sir William Petty. Edited from the Bowood Papers by the Marquis of Lansdowne. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes.

Known hitherto chiefly as an economist and statistician, Sir William emerges from these pages as one of the most versatile and interesting of seventeenth-century Englishmen. He was interested in everything from eugenics to Latin versification, and has left notes of acute observation upon all these matters.

State Security and the League of Nations. By Bruce Williams. Johns Hopkins Press.

These lectures are not quite as dull as the ordinary Albert Shaw lectures on diplomatic history. They constitute a workmanlike summary of League documents which, however, add little if anything to the existing literature in regard to the problems created by Article XVI of the Covenant and the temporarily defunct Geneva Protocol. The author believes that the underlying principle of the Geneva Protocol is a *sine qua non* of a general society of nations, but he scarcely mentions the grave dangers which will arise out of taking away the right of forceful self-help before establishing machinery for peacefully changing an unjust *status quo.*

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Contemporary Thought of Japan and China. By Kyoson Tsuchida. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A Japanese philosopher here proves the capacity of his compatriots to naturalize the abstractest metaphysics and epistemology of German philosophers. Two brief chapters on Chinese philosophy give a sudden breath of living thinking.

NOTE: Hjalmar Schacht's "Stabilization of the Mark," reviewed in *The Nation* for May 16, is published in New York by the Adelphi Company, 112 East Nineteenth Street.

Art

The Prodigal Returns

MODERN art has come home again to America. That is the story written through all the exhibits of the new decorative art which have been attracting thousands daily to Macy's department store in New York. It was the concrete and steel of American engineers which inspired the Italian futurists and the French cubists to paint those abstract canvases on which whole new schools of art and decoration were to be founded. It was America's disregard of tradition and the results this produced in practical construction which set those artist-theorists to wondering about the validity of tradition in aesthetics. The pyramids were right and proper in ancient Egypt and expressed the kings who built them, and the Acropolis no doubt spoke from the heart of the Greeks, but—these theorists asked—why should we go on trying to make the pyramids or the Acropolis speak for Paris, or London, or Fifth Avenue, New York?

How, then, might art be made to express this age? American efficiency answered: "Be clean. Be simple. Be quick. Be right." So while everybody, especially Americans, laughed, the artists began to strip off externals, to seek essentials. They found form, structure, mass, and painted abstractions of them.

It was the Germans who discovered how perfectly those abstract forms were suited to decoration, and with German thoroughness they exploited the idea for all it was worth. The German decorator left nothing untouched; tables, chairs, beds, books, and candy boxes became a cubist's nightmare. It was not until the Austrians, experimenting further, took some of the awkwardness out of this modern decoration that the French saw its possibilities, gave it a smartness it had hitherto lacked, and, with the great International Exposition of Modern Decorative and Industrial Art held in Paris in 1925, made it a fashion which New York finally could not ignore. Now we are just beginning to recall that it was ours in the first place.

One feels this as one wanders through Macy's International Exposition. All the contributions, whether from Scandinavia, from Italy, from Munich or Vienna or Paris, are very much in the American spirit. In fact, many things too familiar to Americans to be really looked at by them are here attractively set before us by artists of other countries, and by American artists, too. Now that we come to think of it, we have been enjoying for some time the materials on which this modern decoration is based, but we never saw them in their relation to "art." Skyscrapers, for instance, or sanitary tiles or the black glass tops on soda fountains, or the soft velvet sheen of aluminum, or the cleanness and simplicity and compactness of an up-to-date American business office.

Modern life is swift and complicated, and so clean and simple and compact things inevitably appeal to us as restful and right. In so far as modern designers succeed in embodying these qualities, the new art will become as irresistible to the American householder as vacuum cleaners and electric refrigerators and this-year's-model car.

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